

HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



OLIVER CLAY



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**HEROES OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION**



Painted by John Trumbull

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY
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"

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HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

THE MEN OF MASSACHUSETTS

WE talk in a wise way about events in history; we even know the dates of certain great events. The names, too, of certain great men stand prominently forth and we are only too apt to believe that such and such an event was the making of such and such a man, when in reality it is the other way round. The man of power is bound to shape the events of his time. It is men who make history for all time, and this was notably the case during that wonderful period of the American struggle for independence, when a handful of determined men flung the gauntlet of defiance in the faces of the English King and his Parliament. They never thought of making history—these earnest, straightforward, manly men—when they presided at great councils and raised their voices in indignant protest, as, link by link, England forged the chains of slavery.

They were only struggling, like all lovers of freedom, to be free.

It is not our purpose to tell the causes of the Revolution. Every American boy and girl could answer in chorus: "Taxation without representation." Instead, we are dealing with the mighty men who fanned the flame of open rebellion, and who were not only willing, but eager to stand by their country or lay down their lives in the issue.

On Thursday, December 16, 1773, there had been a steady downpour of rain in Boston Town, such a downpour as only a bleak, sobbing December day in old New England could conjure up; but for all that, there were stir and excitement and a surging of crowds towards the Old South Meeting House. From every quarter they came, from all the surrounding villages for a distance of twenty miles or more, old and young, rich and poor, men, women and children, all trudging towards Boston with buoyant step, with grave, yet eager faces, willing to brave the driving rain that they might reach the town in time to sit in the vast assembly and listen to the words of wisdom from the patriotic leaders of the day. Many were to be seen there: the serious and dignified Samuel Adams, the most determined of them all; the dapper young aristocrat, John Hancock; the much-loved Joseph Warren; the

stalwart, broad-shouldered Paul Revere, and many others known as "Sons of Liberty."

These people, with the rain running in rivulets from their three-cornered hats and streaming over their shoulders—for the umbrella was a recent innovation used only by a privileged few—were hurrying onward that they might hear the latest news of the tea ships, then anchored at Griffin's Wharf, in Boston Harbor, still loaded with their unwelcome cargoes of tea, still hesitating whether to turn back to England and satisfy the Patriots who had ordered them to go home, or to curry the favor of England's most unreasonable King and his handful of unwise councillors, and brave the anger of a roused populace.

Noticeable among the crowds was the goodly array of sturdy young men and boys, with a look of expectation on their faces. We all know that look on a boy's face when there is fun or a frolic or even a fight ahead, and men are only grown-up boys after all, and the young farmers and landholders streaming into Boston Town were bubbling over with excitement, for the patience of the Patriots was nearly exhausted and something was sure to happen. And something *did* happen. The world was stirred by the news of the Boston Tea-Party. Boston Harbor for a single night became a gigantic teapot and masquerading Indians emptied into it chest after chest of the tea

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which had been a forbidden article in patriotic households. Everybody knows the story—how the good dames had put away their lacquered tea-chests, their fat silver kettles and teapots and their pretty teacups, for nobody who was anybody could drink tea those days; indeed, all the ladies of fashion, young and old, signed a pledge that they would drink no tea until the odious tax was removed.

It seemed a trifling matter—this dispute about tea—but the tea was only another name for liberty, and the Americans, as we know, felt at this crisis that it might as well be tea as anything else, and if our side yielded one jot, England would take advantage and oppress us more than ever.

Meanwhile, the people of Boston held indignation meetings, and sent protest after protest to the Governor, but no attention was paid to them, and so at last, with Samuel Adams at their head, they decided to make one last stand and then—

Up he rose in the crowded meeting-house, after a last fruitless appeal; his tall substantial brown-suited figure towering above them all, and spoke the fateful words: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

This was the invitation to the Tea-Party and the Boston Patriots responded heartily, rushing to Griffin's Wharf led by a handful of men dis-

guised as Indians. The hatches of the three vessels moored there were broken open, the tea-chests were dragged on deck. There was little noise and no confusion. The chests were opened with hatchets and their contents dumped into the harbor.

In three hours' time all was done, and by ten o'clock the town of Boston was sleeping quietly, while huge quantities of the detested tea floated out into the ocean, much of it being carried by wind and tide to the Dorchester shore, and the next day it was literally lined with tea, which had to be shoveled back into the ocean, and woe betide the wily person who tried to secrete so much as a tea-leaf. All that was preserved is now owned by the descendants of Thomas Melville, whose shoes, after his return home the night of the Tea-Party, were full of tea-leaves. The precious relics were bottled and handed down through generations. Who took part in the Tea-Party was never divulged until long years after America was a free country. But what the well-ordered mob did so thoroughly was the carefully wrought plan of a handful of earnest and determined men.

The man who stirred the seething pot of rebellion was Samuel Adams, and, led by him, Massachusetts sent forth her defiance to England whose King smiled at the idea of the little Puritan Colony matching its strength against the might of

the Mother Country. But he forgot that a land settled by pioneers must be a land of brave and fearless men, and he forgot besides that these self-same men had in their veins some of the best blood of England and France. The same spirit which sent the Puritans and the Huguenots to find a new home in America, where free from persecution they might worship God in their own way, moved them to rebel against the tyranny which followed them across the sea.

We are as familiar with the name of Samuel Adams as we are with the name of America. Yet, questioned as to what manner of man this was, who for years stood almost alone against the King and Parliament, few of us could answer. Many would say: "Oh yes, we know all about Samuel Adams; he was the leader of the Boston Patriots, and Boston, of course, was the leader of the rebellion against England's tryanny." And so the big man would be swallowed up in the big cause and nothing more would be known of him; but to be a leader one has to be a very great man indeed. The Puritan streak once made an Oliver Cromwell, who tore a King from his throne; it made also a Samuel Adams, who was the first to shout defiance at another King and point the way to freedom. Samuel Adams has justly been called the Father of the American Revolution. It was Massachusetts that led the thirteen colo-

nies in their revolt. Boston led Massachusetts, and Samuel Adams led Boston.

This remarkable man was born September 16, 1722, and his first recorded ancestor was one Henry Adams, who, while not mentioned as one of the *Mayflower* passengers, must have landed about that time. He settled, with his family of eight children, near Mount Wollaston, in Quincy. He was originally a native of Devonshire, England, and the English families of that name boasted of Welsh ancestry, so there was the blood of warriors in the Adams pedigree.

The two grandsons of the original Henry were, Joseph Adams, a citizen of Braintree and the grandfather of John Adams, our second President, and John Adams, a sea captain, the grandfather of Samuel Adams, whose father—also Samuel Adams—was born on May 6, 1689, in Boston, where he lived always, a respected and honored citizen, marrying one Mary Fifield when he was twenty-four years old, and our Samuel Adams was one of twelve children, only three of whom survived their lusty father.

Little is known of his mother except that she was a good and a pious woman, but it is evident that she had the Puritan idea that children should be seen and not heard, for no fond mother's account has been handed down to us of Samuel's precocious childhood and probably interesting

little boyhood, and only mothers can provide such details.

We see him first as a big, studious school-boy, older than his years, and it was said of him that his punctuality in going to and from school was so marked that the laborers regulated their hours of work by him. There is no foundation, however, for this story. We only know that, as the boy grew older, he and his father worked together for the good of Boston Town, and very early in life young Samuel began to look suspiciously upon England's treatment of her American colonies.

The Adams family was supposed to be rich, for Samuel Adams, Sr., owned a handsome estate in Purchase Street. They lived in a fine mansion fronting the river, but we know little of the life that went on behind its doors. The boy, Samuel, passed unnoticed into manhood and graduated from Harvard; his thesis, for which he received the degree of A.B. in 1740, showed the fighter. It was "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved." No one paid much attention to the young graduate and his paper, but it was the first word of defiance, though Governor Shirley and the other officers of the Crown, who listened to the unfledged speakers at Commencement, probably thought of the speech

as a bit of puffed-up oratory, little dreaming that they were looking down upon the great leader of the Revolutionary group.

It is hard to say just what makes a man a leader. He may have the gift of oratory, or the gift of persuasion; he may have the money to draw the people, or the mind to govern them, or the presence to attract them. Whatever it was in Samuel Adams, it was not the force that worked swiftly and suddenly, but slowly and surely. For many years he stood alone in his opposition to the Mother Country, but, as England began to encroach upon her rights, little by little he was able to draw around him the group of men who represented the patriotism of Boston. Samuel Adams had inherited from his father the fine public spirit which makes a good citizen. Samuel Adams, the elder, had occupied many public positions in Boston Town, and his influence could be felt in both church and state. "A wise man and a good man," his son called him.

When the young man was twenty-one, the family fortunes looked unpromising, and so "Sam" Adams turned to mercantile life and entered the office of Thomas Cushing. The profession of law had been his choice, but his pious mother, disappointed that he had not chosen the ministry for which he had been intended, opposed the law.

But Samuel Adams had no head for business; he left Mr. Cushing after a few months, and went into business for himself with £1,000 his father gave him. Half of this he lent to a friend who never repaid it, and the other half he soon lost. Then he and his father became associated in a malthouse built on their place, but money-making was not the strong point of the Adams family, and Samuel Adams was looked upon as "thriftless" by many who knew him, though there were some with clearer heads who predicted for him a promising future. After his father's death in 1748, and his marriage to Elizabeth Checkley, a minister's daughter, in 1749, he still kept up the business of the malthouse, and, sharing his father's small fortune with his brother and sister, managed to live without money worries for a while.

In 1757, however, his wife died, leaving him a son, another Samuel, and a daughter, and it was well that he had no larger family to provide for, as business misfortune pursued him. But in spite of this, people were beginning to regard him in another light; he began to have a voice in Town government, and a very powerful voice it was too, as they very soon learned. He was appealed to to settle political disputes, and his cleverness at drawing up papers and contracts made his opinion sought after by many who had laughed at his business methods and had called him "thriftless."

He held many offices in the Town government; he was on committees of all sorts, to see that chimneys were properly inspected, to see that precautions were taken against smallpox, and he was annually elected as tax collector. Always, up to this, a loyal supporter of the Crown, he saw many royal governors come and go; of all these it was Thomas Hutchinson, destined to be the last royal governor of Massachusetts, who most aroused his antagonism by trying to enforce the laws which were so detestable to the American people. Poor Hutchinson was only doing his duty in upholding the authority of the Crown, which he did at the risk of life and property, but his journals and letters show that he was opposed to the tax on tea, and was forced to act as the English Parliament commanded.

Meanwhile, as the years passed and England pressed the thumbscrew upon her loyal subjects, Samuel Adams busied himself—like the far-seeing statesman that he was—in gathering about him a circle of men who stood for strength, honesty and patriotism,—all more or less convinced that England was tyrannical, all seeking peaceful methods to bring her to terms. Yet, of that brilliant group, Samuel Adams alone saw the only way out of their difficulties, and worked towards freedom with an energy which never

flagged. One by one the men about him came closer to his side.

John Adams, his cousin and intimate friend, lawyer and orator, was his warmest ally. He had formerly lived in Braintree, but removed to Boston in 1763. The cousins were more like brothers in their relations to each other, and the brilliant young lawyer's fluent tongue and pen spoke oftener than his more silent cousin. Devoted heart and soul to liberty, he used his best efforts to protest on the many occasions when England overstepped her authority, and both Samuel and John were prominent and active "Sons of Liberty."

This was a club formed first in Boston, then extending to other colonial towns,—a secret society organized for the protection of American colonists and the upholding of liberty, and the members assembled night after night at the Green Dragon Tavern or at the house of Mr. William Campbell, who kept what was known as the Salutation Tavern, so named from its quaint sign which represented two gentlemen, in the fashionable dress of the period, in the act of shaking hands. A most important branch of this club was called the North End Caucus, which had been organized by Dr. Joseph Warren, another trusty man, whom Samuel Adams had tied to him by the strongest bonds of friendship, and

whose untimely death, at Bunker Hill, was mourned by Adams to the end of his life.

Another strong member of this little group was John Hancock, a young man of high social rank and ample fortune, who preferred to cast his lot with liberty than to enjoy the fickle favor of a King. Many wondered at the influence of Samuel Adams over this elegant young gentleman with his foppish tastes. Outwardly a plain, stolid, rather prosaic elderly man, who lived from hand to mouth, who wore badly cut clothes of a dingy brown, who cared nothing for the pleasures of life, it is marvelous the power Adams had of ruling others. It was at one of these meetings at the Green Dragon, held as early as October 23, 1770, that the members present pledged themselves, their lives and their fortunes, to oppose the sale of tea, and it was at the printing office of Messrs. Edes and Gills, three years later, that the resolves for the destruction of the tea were discussed behind closed doors.

"We were so careful," writes Paul Revere in his note-book, "that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met, every person swore upon the Bible not to discover any of our transactions but to Hancock, Warren, or Church, and to one or two more leaders."

Two more portraits we must add to this group of Patriots: James Otis, a young lawyer, and

Paul Revere, whose aid to the cause of liberty has been handed down in song and story.

Otis, with his fiery eloquence, swayed the discontented people by his wonderful gift of oratory, and, oddly enough, when first we hear of him he was advocate-general for the Crown, but the Stamp Act displeased him, and his patriotism forced him to resign; very shortly thereafter we find him arrayed on the side of the Patriots, fighting for American liberty. Adams, with his clear judgment, saw what service this somewhat reckless young man could render to his country if he could only bridle his tongue and keep him from any act of violence; for his hold upon the people was so wonderful that his mere entrance into any assembly was the signal for shouts and clapping. And, even in later days when he was broken down in mind and body, the people would follow his lightest word. Such a man is a great help as well as a great hindrance in times of stress.

A blow received on his head when in the height of his power, in 1769, has often been held to account for his oddities and contradictions, and his unruliness, but the magnetism which could draw a multitude still remained, even when those who knew him best felt that he was no longer responsible nor trustworthy. John Adams, whose faithful diary furnishes us with the most graphic history of those stirring times, says of him, in

describing one of his speeches: "Otis was a flame of fire. With . . . a torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away everything before him. American independence was then and there born; the seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown to defend the vigorous youth."

This speech, which lasted between four and five hours, was one of the first speeches which openly denounced taxation without representation, as tyranny. But even this "plump, round-faced, smooth-skinned, short-necked, eagle-eyed young politician"—fiery though he was,—did not at first foresee, as Samuel Adams did, the birth of a new nation. He thought, as the Colonists thought, that he was only fighting Parliament with words, and not the King and the King's men, with sword and gun.

His voice was the drum-beat which roused the people, but when they rushed to arms, poor James Otis—his work done, his service well-nigh forgotten, his splendid mind all darkened—rushed too, and fought on Bunker Hill, escaping unscathed, while Joseph Warren, in the fulness of his youth and promise, was cut down.

Little by little the cluster of New England Patriots grew in strength and determination, and, at the time of the Boston Tea-Party, there was hardly a man of repute in Boston Town who had

not pledged his life and honor to Liberty. The presence of British soldiers in Boston was in itself enough to inflame the people.

After the riots, following the Stamp Act, the Governor hinted that he would like troops to enforce order, and although he asserted that he did not want troops to quell a riot, but for the good of his country, and never really demanded them, it is a certain fact that he was responsible for their coming. The people, hearing that soldiers were expected, begged Hancock and the other Selectmen to call a meeting of protest; but it made no difference, for two regiments soon reached Boston in fifteen British men-of-war, taking a strong position in the harbor around the north of the town.

It must have been a wonderful and exciting scene to the peace-loving inhabitants of Boston. At night, the harbor was illuminated by a brilliant display of rockets, shot off from the ships' decks, and the people, casting away all thoughts of coming evil, put out in their boats to get a nearer view of the ships, and eagerly watched the scarlet-coated infantry marching to their barracks in the town. To the great indignation of the people, Faneuil Hall was taken as quarters for one regiment, while Governor Bernard ordered the State House, in King Street, to be opened for their reception. Hancock, as head of the body

of Selectmen, had refused to give quarters to these ill-timed visitors, and, although Boston Common was only a cow pasture, the people resented its use as a camp for one of the regiments.

Hancock, being a man of influence and fortune, as well as a shrewd business man, became the target for many attacks, among which he was charged with trying to secure, from General Gage, the contract to supply these unwelcome troops. At this, the peppery Patriot boiled over, though the charge was of course proved false. He was the merchant prince of his time, and therefore above such petty dealings for the sake of a few pennies, even had he wished to feed the enemies of his country. From that time he threw discretion to the winds and worked side by side and hand in hand with Samuel Adams, entering into all his plans so zealously that their enemies made many spiteful remarks. When Adams's influence made him President of the first Provincial Congress, small-minded people said that he was the dupe of the wily statesman who saw in the wealthy merchant's silks and velvets and splendid coach a foil for his own poverty.

After the Tea-Party, Boston Harbor was closed to traffic, by order of the King, and would have been shut off from all communication with her sister Colonies, had it not been for the indomitable spirit of this handful of Patriots who, by

means of expresses, kept in touch with New York, Philadelphia, and the surrounding country. These "expresses" were no other than trusty messengers on horseback, who knew the country and whose eagerness to be of service has earned them a niche in history. Foremost among these was Paul Revere, a sturdy patriot, who had already done much in the way of stirring the people to revolt. He was a stalwart, broad-shouldered man of about forty, but constant exercise and open-air life had trained his muscles and had given him iron sinews, and he knew every Indian trail through the forests, and every road that led from Boston.

Samuel Adams had a perfect genius for drawing about him exactly the right sort of men. Hancock's wealth and social position "gave the lie to the Tory sneer that the Whigs were obscure, pettifogging attorneys, smugglers, and bankrupt storekeepers." John Adams, with his knowledge of the law and his heart with the struggling people, could hold them in check. James Otis could inflame them when the right moment came. Joseph Warren could draw up resolutions, form societies, hold meetings, preserve law and order even among a mob. Adams himself had the gift of knowing just when to speak and to act. But among them all, Paul Revere came closest to the very heart of the people, for he was of the people,

earning a livelihood with his skillful hands. He was a gold and silversmith by trade, and many were the beautiful tankards and teapots and kettles and dishes which he designed for the use of the wealthy Colonial families, and many are the heirlooms handed down through generations, showing his artistic workmanship.

As a very young man he learned the art of engraving, and when events crowded thick and fast on the American people his clever caricatures of America's plight, expressed, better than whole pages of history, just how the people felt about taxation without representation. He was an active "Son of Liberty," was present at all of their meetings, and could always be counted on in any emergency. Such a man was more than useful—he was invaluable—and many a secret message he carried through the trackless forests to New York and to Philadelphia, and all the towns around Boston, before he took the famous ride "On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five," which Longfellow has so vividly described. It is pretty well understood that he took a prominent part in the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, but it is also recorded that he was quite refreshed the next morning and ready to carry despatches to New York and Philadelphia, telling the good news and begging assistance from all the sister Colonies. The far-seeing leaders recog-

nized his usefulness, and trusted this one man with secret messages which, had they fallen into British hands, would have hung or beheaded half of Boston.

We may be sure, while the tempest was brewing, Paul Revere was in the midst of it. He was one of the men who guarded the tea ships and prevented the captains from landing their cargoes, and he was—as has been hinted—one of the disguised “Mohawk” Indians who helped in its destruction.

After this open act of rebellion, England closed the port of Boston, supplies were cut off in all directions, and the attitude of the soldiers became menacing. The King and his councillors had further inflamed the people by putting a price upon the heads of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and those soldiers encamped upon the Commons, which faced the Hancock mansion, did everything they could to deface his beautiful home, the officers with their swords cutting and hacking his fence in a most scandalous manner. Another night his enclosure was entered by soldiers who refused to leave, telling him that “his house and stable would soon be theirs, and then they would do as they pleased.”

Already England had forbidden the shipment of firearms and ammunition to the Colonists, and the “Sons of Liberty” formed themselves into

what was known as the Committee of Safety, their object being to gather together all the gunpowder and small cannon around Boston and its vicinity. The Committee of Safety expanded later into the Provincial Congress, which came together for the purpose of opposing the tyranny of England. It first met at Cambridge, then at Concord, and finally at Cambridge, and the many indignities offered by England were discussed in session, widening the breach day by day.

John Hancock, as President, spent much of his time in Lexington when busy with the duties of the Congress. His own home, threatened as it was, was hardly a safe spot for an outlawed man. Yet nevertheless it had its advantages, for every movement of the soldiers on the Common could be watched from its windows.

Such was the state of affairs in Boston Town during the absence of the Patriots, who were attending the Provincial Congress. Dr. Joseph Warren, left in charge of all public affairs, had his hands full, for rumor had reached him that some of the secret councils had been betrayed by a traitor in their own camp, afterwards proved to be Dr. Benjamin Church. The British troops had been informed that there were military stores at Concord, and that John Hancock and Samuel Adams could easily be captured in Lexington, where they were lodging during the sessions of

Congress, on the way to seize the stores, and preparations were being quietly made to march.

Now, indeed, was the time for action. The two Patriots must be warned and Concord put in readiness for defence. Warren had not far to look for a messenger. Paul Revere was at his side, his friend and confidant—

“Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up, and to arm.”

Longfellow has given us in glowing verses the history of this wonderful ride, the most dangerous part of which has been overlooked in the “hurry of hoofs through the village street” and the noise and confusion of the roused “minute men” as they answered the call of the galloping rider, and that was the daring act of crossing the ferry in full view of the British man-of-war, *Somerset*.

“Just as the moon rose over the bay
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war,
A phantom ship with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.”

Paul Revere always kept a canoe concealed in one of the docks at the northern end of the town, and a riding dress ready for any sudden call. The ferry-man was not permitted—since the

town was under military rule—to ply to and fro between Boston and Charlestown after nine o'clock at night, so Revere persuaded two of his friends to row him over. Their canoe was very light; the load of three men was very heavy. It was a still night—almost as bright as day; the faintest sound could be heard, and the treacherous moon might disclose them at any moment to the full gaze of the enemy. They muffled their oars, and Revere watched the river with his pistol cocked, for fear of a surprise. The men who rowed kept under the shadow of the big ship as long as possible, and, reaching the open, glided with swift, steady strokes to the opposite shore. No word was spoken, scarcely a needless breath was drawn, for once betrayed there would have been no hope of mercy from their captors.

The real Paul Revere did not wait—as our poet wrote—until the two lights shone in the North Church Tower, before mounting for the ride. When he reached the Charlestown shore, his friends told him that the lights had already been seen, flashing their warning message, and he knew when he prepared to leave Boston exactly how the British were expecting to march. His mission was, first to warn the two Patriots who were spending the night with the Reverend Mr. Jonas Clark at Lexington, and then on to

Concord to save the military stores which the British were eager to capture.

As a matter of fact, Paul Revere never reached Concord in time to warn them, but the signal lights and the massing of the "minute men" did their work. Paul Revere had been caught by the British soldiers, had escaped and been recaptured; then, while the Battle of Lexington was raging, his captors fled, and being freed, but deprived of his horse, he went back to aid Samuel Adams and John Hancock in their flight across the country towards New York and Philadelphia. For it was far more important just then to keep the two Patriots out of the clutches of the King's men, than to risk capture again in his effort to get to Concord. Besides, only two days before, on April 16, a quiet, peaceful Sunday, Paul Revere, unsuspected of any war-like intent, had ridden to Lexington on a secret message to the two Patriots, and in consequence many of the "minute men" had already assembled at Concord, before the excitement on the 18th and 19th.

In the old days, the Scottish Highlanders kindled their own fires on the heights, and sent their runners, with a fiery cross, from clan to clan. Our own Indians lit their camp-fires, sat around them in solemn conclave, and they, too, sent their messengers from tribe to tribe, by the fire

signal. Paul Revere was in truth the torch-bearer of the Revolution, but the fire he carried was in his dauntless heart, and

“The sparks struck out by that steed in its flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.”

CHAPTER II

THE ROYAL PROVINCE OF VIRGINIA

HAD the King been asked to name the most valuable of his American possessions he would not have paused one moment to consider. Virginia, with its broad acres of cultivation, its wonderful agricultural facilities, its forest lands, its fine water courses, its traffic in tobacco, and, above all, its people—many of whom were descended from the flower of knighthood in the Mother Country—all added to the value of this province in the eyes of this grasping King. And truly, Virginia, in the early Colonial days of powdered dames and gallants, and gorgeous coaches and spirited horses, must have been a land of promise to the steady-going, stolid English people on the other side.

Those who came over the seas from curiosity to visit the "Virgin land," in many cases took unto themselves, by special royal grant, vast wooded tracts of land, well watered by streams. Unlike their New England neighbors, they were not driven from the Mother Country to take

refuge in a new world, free from persecution; on the contrary, it was the spirit of adventure which sent forth the Cavaliers into Virginia. In many cases they returned to England to exploit their deeds, possibly to obtain new grants; and last, but not least, to induce others to return with them and help them turn huge stretches of forest country into flourishing tobacco fields,—for since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh tobacco had been the backbone of Virginia's industry, and some wise writer has told us that "a true history of tobacco would be the history of English and American liberty." It grew with the growth of the baby Colony and was used in many instances instead of money. For example, the Virginia planter, who wanted to buy something from the country store or from his neighbor, usually made his payments in bushels of tobacco. The King's money was used in trading with other Colonies or in business dealing with England herself. But while the landholders of Virginia lived in baronial style, little or no money passed between them.

It must not be imagined that all the Virginians were Cavaliers, with top-boots, plumed hats and curling locks. These were, without doubt, the pioneers of old Virginia, just as the Puritans were of Massachusetts; but in their wake came many others who were poorer and of a far lower

station. The English government fell into the way of sending to the Colonies persons who had come under the shadow of the law for one offense or another. These were not always villains or ruffians; they were in many cases guilty of only the smallest offense, often of none at all except poverty, but they were put upon the ships, carried across the seas and sold into service for certain number of years.

This was a common practice in Virginia; shiploads of such people were sent yearly, and they were brought in by the wealthy landholders and planters. These people were called "redemptioners," and after the given time of service they were at liberty to work for themselves. Possibly they were able to buy a strip of land and plant tobacco, which they could sell with profit, and little by little the strip would grow into broad acres, and they became independent landholders.

It often happened that boys and attractive young girls were forced on the ships for no reason at all, save their youth, and sold to the highest bidder on reaching Virginia. In this way, many planters bought their wives,—for women were very scarce in those early days of colonization. The girls were often maids of good birth and modest bearing, and the boys, serving their term of years, grew into fine sons of Virginia soil. Even those, transported for some offense, "by

turning their hands to industry and improvement, and (which is best of all) to honesty, have become rich, substantial planters and merchants, settled large families, and been famous in the country; nay, we have seen many of them made magistrates, captains of good ships, and masters of good estates."

But the Virginia aristocracy—what is generally known as the "first families of Virginia," the F. F. V.'s—were the ruling spirits of the Old Dominion.

The loyalty of Virginia to King and Crown had always been unquestioned. When Charles I lost his head, there was consternation among his Virginia subjects. When Cromwell became Protector of the Commonwealth, there was fierce rebellion in Virginia, and many transferred their allegiance to the exiled Charles II, even inviting him to come to America and rule over a new kingdom. Of all the American Colonies, Virginia seemed bound by the closest ties to royalty. Her governors lived in royal state and held their little courts in imitation of the English sovereign, and the owners of the big plantations lived on their estates with almost feudal splendor.

With the passing of the Stuarts, a new order of things came in, and presently the sensitive Colonists felt the tyrannical grip of the house of Hanover. The Georges never inspired the love

and loyalty in their servants that the Charleses did, and, finding that the royal coffers needed replenishing, they thought it would be an excellent idea to fill them again at the expense of the Colonists, taxing them for this thing and that, and, as they were not deemed of enough importance to have a representative in Parliament, it was considered their duty to pay without question whatever tax the Mother Country imposed upon them.

"Why, they are a race of convicts," cried Dr. Samuel Johnson, when Parliament seemed inclined to make some concessions, "and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them, short of hanging." The good Doctor only voiced the popular sentiment. Because some few jailbirds had been sent to Virginia, all Virginians were jailbirds, and then all America, and by the time royalty had reached its height of stupidity in the person of George III that seemed to be the general idea.

Virginia, for all its vast area, was not a country of big cities like New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts; it was the home of landed gentry and small farmers. The broad rolling country was divided into large estates, and certain groups of these landowners, with their dependents, banded together for mutual protection, calling themselves counties or "hundreds." So, when

the King and his advisers encountered resistance to the Stamp Act in the Colonies with big towns, the sudden stir it created among these Virginia countryfolk was totally unexpected. Indeed, the English people thought Virginia a country of yeomen and clodhoppers, until upon one never-to-be-forgotten day, young Patrick Henry, rising in the House of Burgesses, which was the law-giving assembly of the Colony, made a speech which has gone ringing through the ages as the clarion call of freedom.

The House of Burgesses was to the Colony of Virginia what the Town Council was to Boston, what Parliament was and is to England. It came into existence because the great landholders insisted on having a voice and a vote in all matters connected with the welfare of the Colony. Consequently, with the coming of Sir George Yeardley, as Governor-General of Virginia, in 1619, came also the welcome news that Virginia was to have a representative government,—that is to say, each county was to be represented in the general assembly, each member being elected by the votes of every free man.

The first legislative body that ever assembled in America met at Jamestown on July 30, 1619, and was the first step towards American liberty. It was composed of two Burgesses of the thirteen counties, and as time went on and the Colony

become more important, the assembly also grew in numbers and importance, and, when the Georges sat upon the throne, it was a very powerful body in the royal province of Virginia, the best blood of each county being represented among its members. So, when an obscure young lawyer like Patrick Henry was selected to sit in the House of Burgesses, he must have had some merit which placed him there.

Patrick Henry was born at Studley, near Richmond, on May 29, 1736. When he was only a few months old the family removed to Mount Brilliant. His mother, Sarah Syme Henry, had been a widow before she married John Henry, a young Scotchman of good birth, and the first we hear of her is through Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, celebrated in the annals of Virginia for many things—the owner of a vast estate, of a wonderful library, and of a beautiful daughter, the once famous Evelyn Byrd, while his own fame will go down in history as the founder of the city of Richmond.

It seems that Colonel Byrd was on a journey of inspection through his estates, and stopped for a night's lodging at the house of one Mistress Sarah Syme, a sprightly and by no means disconsolate widow. Colonel Byrd, being an old gallant and fond of the ladies, paid her many compliments, and shortly after that we hear of

her marriage to John Henry. She had one son by her former marriage, John Syme, but he was not very long the only child, for the little Henrys began to come thick and fast—first, William Henry, then Patrick, then seven little girls.

These children owed to their parents a long line of good ancestors—ancestors too, blessed with a fair amount of brains. Their father, a man of learning and fine character, was held in high esteem by the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and at home he could trace his relationship to many eminent people, prominent preachers and well known writers. His second cousin, the beautiful Eleanor Syme (John Henry had been a relative of his wife's first husband), became the wife of Henry Brougham, and their eldest son, Lord Brougham, celebrated in English law and politics, was a third cousin of Patrick Henry. Naturally, the renowned Englishman was but a child when Patrick Henry was in the height of his power, but the blood of free generations flowed alike in their veins, making each, in his own country, the champion of the oppressed.

On his mother's side, Patrick Henry inherited an equal amount of intelligence. She came from the family of Winstons, of Virginia, from old Welsh stock, who, when Patrick Henry grew famous, were of the opinion that his gifts were a heritage from her side of the house; especially

his gift of oratory, for his uncle, William Winston, was famous among all the orators of Virginia, being unsurpassed except by Patrick himself.

Education, in the days of Henry's boyhood, was a pretty poor affair, and the following description gives some idea of the ability of the teachers:

"There were no free schools in Hanover, and the pay schools were poor. One merely put up his sign, 'John Jones, Teacher'; placed some benches in a room; cut a hickory switch; and all was ready for the torture and the flogging."

There is no doubt that in those days the average boy's road to learning was weary and full of pain. Cruel as the Massachusetts teachers were, it is possible that the Virginia schoolboy suffered even more, because, being a country boy, it was harder to drive him to study.

One Devereux Jarratt, who afterwards became an eminent clergyman, taught in Hanover County when Patrick was a boy, but there is no record of Patrick Henry as his pupil. All we know is that the boy attended "a common English school" until he was ten years old, when his father took him in hand and was thereafter his only tutor. To all appearances Henry was a commonplace, ordinary boy of his class, fond of hunting and fishing, lazy even in his out-door sports; and many critics have asserted that he was illiterate in speech. Yet, under his father's instruction, if

this was really the case, Henry would have been a dullard indeed. William Wirt, a kindly biographer, asserts that "he was too idle to gain any solid advantages from the opportunities which were thrown in his way."

"One of his boyhood joys," says George Morgan, who has given us "The True Patrick Henry," "was to sit in a shady place and watch the cork on his fishing line. Or, flat on his back, with his hands clasped under his head and his legs crossed in air, he could watch the buzzards in their gyrations, a full mile aloft. Considering the native wholesomeness and acuteness of his mind, he was probably learning more than he could have gathered from all the Jarratts in the Colony. For who can say that he was not more studious while flung prone upon his back, than if he had been bench fast in a schoolroom, thumbing a dull book?"

The only difference, indeed, between Lincoln and Henry in their early boyhood training was in their method of absorbing knowledge. The one lay on the hearthstone, his elbows on the floor, his nose in his book, reading by the flickering firelight. The other lay in the open, staring up in the blue sky, studying Nature as she did her work around him; what he did not know about the beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, was not worth knowing. After all, Patrick Henry

was just a normal boy, fond of horses, dogs, fishing and hunting; all this meant the freedom of wood and stream, of high-road and by-road. Freedom, indeed, seemed a part of this boy's very nature, and, as he stepped from youth to manhood, this love of freedom was more and more the keynote of his life.

John Henry was not a rich man, and when his boys were old enough they were put out to work. Patrick, at fifteen, was clerk in a country store, where he stayed for a year. When he was sixteen, his father invested in a complete stock, and set him and his brother, William, up in business.

These corner stores were quite indispensable in those early days. They were usually situated at the cross-roads, and thither came the planters and small farmers, the "redemptioners" and the slaves, to make their various purchases all characters to be studied—and this Patrick Henry certainly did, while he weighed sugar, drew molasses, and measured off calico. Everything was discussed at the country store, as it is now in more modern days. Nothing pleased Patrick Henry better than to start a debate and watch the debaters. The lawyer in him delighted in getting the opinions of others without betraying his own. Naturally, he was not a successful storekeeper. It is told of him that one day he was lying at length upon a sack of salt, engaged in some deep

discussion, when a customer entered and asked if he had any salt. "Just sold the last peck," said Patrick. Keen as he was in summing up character, it soon seemed that, after all, his customers got the better of him; they ran up bills which they never paid, "and within a year the firm of 'Henry and Henry' went out of business."

When he was eighteen, he fell in love with Sarah Shelton, and we have no doubt it was a romantic love affair, though very little record is left us beyond the fact that "she was an estimable woman," and her wedding dower was six negro slaves and three hundred acres of poor land called "Pine Slash." Here at nineteen he found himself a married man, a farmer with scarcely enough to make ends meet, and for some years his life was that of a common laborer.

"Sunburnt, sweaty, hard-handed, the man to whom the whole continent would by and by be listening, now swings the hoe as he grubs new ground, that a few more tobacco hills may be made for the coming harvest."

Yet, after all, this life in the open was a gain in the richness of experience to such a man as Patrick Henry. His contact with the soil made him a son of the people, and prepared him to battle for their rights when the time came. But fate did not destine him for a farmer; a disastrous fire destroyed his home and so impoverished him that

he was forced once more to keep a store; but again he was unsuccessful.

Six children came to him during these hard times, and though poverty looked in at the door, love did not jump out of the window. The young couple managed to pay pleasant visits to their neighbors, where there were dances and music, in which Henry delighted, he himself being an accomplished flute player. About this time he determined to study law, and here at last the remarkable powers of this young farmer came to the front; he was ready for examination in so short a time that it seems incredible. Some say it took him a month, some say six weeks; at any rate, it was such an absurdly short course of study that the board of examiners at first refused to consider him as a candidate.

Four prominent Virginians are named as the men to whom Henry first applied for a license: Peyton Randolph, John Randolph, George Wythe, and Robert C. Nicholas, all elegant gentlemen of the period, and no doubt a little astonished at the countrified, awkward appearance of the Hanover applicant, whose diffidence of speech and manner gave no promise of anything behind. But when these learned gentlemen began to put questions, and discussed legal points with him, they were even more astonished at the extent of his reading. Yet,

in spite of this, he had much difficulty in obtaining the necessary signatures on his license; but he was successful at last, and rode happily home with the license in his pocket.

From that time it was uphill work for this obscure lawyer, but little by little he gained a step toward the front, until, in a certain celebrated case known as the Parsons' Cause, Henry was engaged by what seemed at a glance to be the weaker side. It was really a case of the people against the Crown, for the government supported a certain tax which the clergy extorted from the people under the guise of an increase of salary—salaries in those days being paid in so many pounds of tobacco.

Everything seemed to be going well for the preachers, when Patrick Henry was asked to argue on what was clearly the losing side. When he rose in court to speak, he was so abashed and gawky that his father, who was present, sank back in his seat ashamed of him. When he began to speak, his voice was low and faltering, but after a few moments it grew quite steady and clear, penetrating to every corner of the courtroom. Someone has said: "With that voice of his, Patrick could make love in a corner, or call a hound a mile away," and his most effective weapons were always the pauses he made before a telling sentence.

As his voice gained power, his slouching figure reared itself, and before long his genius had blazed forth and captured his hearers, and tears ran down his father's cheeks. "All the justices bent forward. Everyone now recognized the presence there of a great orator, and amid acclamation he won his case." He was borne on the shoulders of the excited people into the courtyard, and received ovation enough to turn his head.

It would be interesting to trace in detail the life of a man, whose brilliant gift of speech and wonderful legal foresight made him a leader in his country's time of need; but we have only to do with that period of his life when his country called him. This began with the Stamp Act, in 1765, which had brought forth the protest of all the Colonies.

This same eventful year, Henry became a member of the House of Burgesses, where his eloquence soon brought him to the front and won for him the respect and admiration of all who heard him. And it was shortly after his election, in a very powerful speech denouncing the Stamp Act, that he, on that memorable day, uttered the protest of the people whom he represented, in a set of well-worded resolutions, plainly flinging the gauntlet of defiance in the face of the Mother Country. The Burgesses were aghast; a violent

debate arose, but Henry finally held the floor, though the battle of words lasted quite two days. Judge Paul Carrington, who was present, declared that on this occasion Henry's eloquence was "beyond all power of description." Then, of a sudden, in a voice and manner which startled even those who knew him best, he thundered forth:

"Tarquin and Caesar had each his Brutus, Charles the First, his Cromwell, and George the Third—" He paused. "Treason!" cried the Speaker from his dais. "Treason! Treason!" echoed a chorus of Burgesses. But Henry's pause was well considered; in no haste, but with impressive access of dignity, growing visibly taller, until he seemed the very embodiment of resolute manhood, he spoke his final words, "may profit by their example! If *this* be treason—make the most of it."

From that moment he became the great man of Virginia, just as Samuel Adams was the great man of Massachusetts. There was much in common between the two, but the fields in which they worked were very different. Massachusetts, from the very beginning, had been mutinous, and with the exception of a mere handful of loyalists, chiefly the followers of Governor Hutchinson, the people had been only too willing to listen to Adams's council. Sure of the fact that he was a

sincere, incorruptible man, they had quickly recognized him as a leader. But not so in the royal province of Virginia. The best blood was for the King and his laws; the big landholders, Byrd, Spotswood, Fairfax, and others, held aloof in the House of Burgesses, and shook their heads over Henry's oratory. They preached from the text that the King can do no wrong, and it took many long years and bitter experience to convince them that they were mistaken. But when the King's unjust anger fell upon Boston; when British troops were stationed there; when there was a massacre of citizens; when its port was shut; and when, in course of events, the charter of the Colony was taken away, there arose such mighty men as Henry, Jefferson, and Washington to rouse Virginia from her dreams.

It chanced that at this time, sandwiched in between the violent Berkely and the treacherous Earl of Dunmore, a real man ruled Virginia in the King's name. This was Baron de Botetourt, who, through consideration, sympathy, and true kindness, sought to hold Virginians to their allegiance. But he failed because Henry's voice filled the land, and Henry's finger pointed warningly to the forfeited rights of Massachusetts.

At length, when the King threatened to send the two "arch traitors" of Boston to England for trial which meant of course the Tower and the

block, the House of Burgesses protested, and the members, in their resolutions, applauded Massachusetts for the stand she had taken, though they well knew that the Governor would rebuke and dismiss the body. But they did not always go back to their homes; they often reassembled in what was called the "Apollo" room of the Raleigh Tavern, just as the "Sons of Liberty" in Boston met at the Green Dragon Tavern. Raleigh Tavern had over its main entrance a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh, and its "Apollo" room because so famous as a meeting-place for rebellious subjects, that it was nicknamed Fan-euil Hall of Virginia.

Botetourt's death removed an obstacle from Henry's path, because good faith and courtesy had been the King's most powerful aid in preserving the Colonists' allegiance. With the coming of Dunmore, however, all was changed. The protesting Virginians were called "rebels," and treated with scant courtesy. Dunmore was coarse and cruel, and not a man of his word. No one did more to drive Virginia to her freedom than did this creature of the King, and the fact that his private secretary and chief adviser, Captain Foy, was a soldier, showed plainly that he feared resistance in Virginia—and in that he was not mistaken. One by one the Burgesses were won over, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, Ed-

mund Pendelton, Peyton Randolph, John Page, Thomas Nelson, and many others.

Such was the state of affairs when the thrilling news of the Tea-Party reached Williamsburg, where the discontented and rebellious Burgesses were holding their secret meetings at Raleigh Tavern.

In Williamsburg was the heart of the rebellion. It was built on the site of what, in the time of Bacon's rebellion, was known as the "Middle-Plantation." Although the capital of the province, it was little more than a handful of houses and a few straggling streets. Gloucester Street was the main thoroughfare, with the Old Capitol at one end, and William and Mary College at the other. The Old Capitol, a building of two stories, with a tall portico in front, was the scene of many stirring events, before and after Massachusetts used Boston Harbor as a teapot. Its walls reverberated with the thunder of Henry's Stamp Act speech. In the Council Chamber upstairs, the Burgesses sat, and it was the scene of their dismissal later on, and in the hall of the House, the famous "Assembly" took place, given in honor of Lady Dunmore and her daughters, on the eve of the final collision.

The Governor's Palace, situated on Palace Street, was a large building surrounded by pleas-

ure grounds, and here the governors in turn held their miniature royal court. When the Burgesses sat in the Assembly, the little town of scattered houses became a brilliant centre of Virginia society. Even in the shadow of the coming Revolution, the seeming gayeties went on. His "Serene Excellency" drove in gorgeous state to open the House of Burgesses, in one breath, and sternly dismiss them, in the other; but though the "rebels" were ordered to leave the Capitol, they lingered for one night to pay their respectful homage to the Governor's Lady, in whose honor they were giving a ball.

But beneath it all, a volcano was smouldering, for this was in May, 1774, and word had come that Parliament had voted, through the Boston Port Bill, to close the harbor of Boston after June 4, and the dismissal of the Burgesses was the result of their honest and outspoken indignation over this act. Then it was that Virginia came boldly forward as the staunch champion of Massachusetts, resolving, when the dismissed Burgesses met in convention at Raleigh Tavern, "that an attack on Massachusetts is an attack on Virginia, and recommending a General Congress, which at her call will declare the American Colonies independent of Great Britain."

This was the first note of the Revolution sounded by Henry, though the convention never

for one moment thought that the quarrel with the Mother Country would result in anything so serious as a separation. Yet in their midst sat two silent members whom destiny had chosen for the building of a new nation—one was Thomas Jefferson, who wrote our Declaration of Independence, and the other was a country gentleman named Washington.

CHAPTER III

THE PART NEW YORK PLAYED

THE morning after the Boston Tea-Party, history tells us that Paul Revere was chosen by the Committee of Safety to carry the joyful tidings to New York and Philadelphia. In both big towns the excitement was intense, and both sent messages to Boston, promising support in time of need. New York, spurred on by the daring example, turned its attention to the incoming ships, all laden with the forbidden tea. And they had trouble enough on their hands, these busy New York people, with a thousand commercial interests tugging at their respectable coat-tails. The town, with its great water ways, great even in those early days of fourteen thousand inhabitants, owed its ever increasing prosperity to its brisk trade up and down the coast, and across the seas with England, Holland, and France, and for New York to take a decided stand as Massachusetts was doing, meant true patriotism indeed.

The fortunes of trade had thrown into the Province of New York men of many nationalities;

especially was this so in the town itself, its beautiful harbor being a temptation to wandering mariners. The Dutch inhabitants were by far the most numerous and the most prosperous. Even when the very memory of Peter Stuyvesant had faded, and the English Governor Andros took possession in the King's name, the Dutchmen held their own, through their breweries and their fur trade, living after their own fashion in their quaint houses with their tiled roofs, quaffing their ale and ruling their families as if they were in dear old Amsterdam, before Henry Hudson roused them from their sleek stupidity and dragged them across the ocean to a new life of adventure. Washington Irving has given us a humorous picture of Old Father Knickerbocker, the rotund, red-nosed, pipe-smoking, beer-drinking Dutchman of the past. A caricature surely, yet—as all caricatures must be, to be good—a faithful likeness.

The Province of New York was, in reality, a fringe of settlements on the Hudson River, Manhattan Island, and Long Island; back of this fringe was a waste of trackless forest land, the land of mountains and ravines, where lurked vast hordes of Indians, driven from the water front by the daring mariners, to whom, for a song, the simple savages had sold their birthright. The foolish white man, sowing the seeds of cunning

and distrust, had pushed the red man into a mightier stronghold among the crags and cliffs—but not before he had learned the use of firearms, and had learned also the lesson of killing for revenge.

With this menace at their back, it is no wonder that the territory of New York grew in length rather than in breadth, though, as early as 1660, a handful of dauntless pioneers, led by one Arendt Van Curler or “Brother Corlaer” as the Iroquois Indians called him, travelled up to Albany, through what is known as Clinton Avenue, until reaching Norman’s Kill they struck a forest trail which led them to their future home on a low plateau on the banks of the Mohawk. Here, on the site of an old Indian village, the fourteen families began to build their houses, a mill, a church, and palisades for protection. This tiny village was the beginning of what is now known as Schenectady, and was the brave attempt to open the Mohawk Valley to civilization, by establishing free trade with the Indians. It was “a noble episode” in the story of American freedom, for on this ground the sturdy Dutch fought for the free-holding of land.

German immigrants next followed the Dutch settlers into this valley; they were brought over by the English government to settle on the frontiers, and beat off encroaching Indians, Spaniards

and Frenchmen; but the war-like life they led made them sturdy in the assertion of their own rights. Riots and fights ensued between the Germans and their English masters, who regarded them as slaves, and their champion, Leisler, was hanged, by order of a drunken English Governor. But his name stands as the "first American rebel," and has been handed down to us as the name of a martyr rather than a malefactor.

After this, the Germans in great numbers settled all along the Mohawk Valley, pushing out westward as they went, but their English masters still oppressed them, and they found it impossible to raise sheep or stock in that fine grazing country. The honor of introducing fine sheep and other live stock in the Mohawk Valley fell to Sir William Johnson, whose knowledge of Indians and their customs made him a "blood brother" to the terrible Six Nations, who were, by might and right, the rulers of the Valley. It is due to the courage and integrity of that prince of pioneers that the little fringe of Colonies, upon the coast of what we call New York, grew and flourished in those early days.

Young William Johnson was an Irishman, and the most romantic of reasons drove him to seek his fortune on the other side of the ocean. He was born in Smithtown, County Meath, near

Dublin, in 1715. His mother was Anne Warren, whose two brothers rose high in the English navy, and his father was one Christopher Johnson, of whom there was little known or said. Johnson's good blood evidently came from his mother's side, who, we are told, could trace an ancient and honorable lineage. When he was twenty-two, he fell in love with a girl whom his parents were opposed to his marrying. Though a man himself, it seems that he bowed to their will in this matter; but within him stirred a restlessness which made him look beyond his home for some new channel for his energies. His uncle, Captain Peter Warren, on his return from a cruise, offered his nephew a position on the next voyage. He had bought land in the fertile Mohawk Valley, and, as he had a vast estate of fifteen thousand acres, he needed an agent to take charge of his property; so this afforded the love-sick young Irishman not only the prospect of adventure, but of great wealth. He went at once to New York to visit his kinspeople, who lived in a fine old mansion—the very one in which, many years later, Washington said farewell to his generals.

This uncle of William Johnson had married Susan De Lancey, the oldest daughter of Stephen De Lancey of New York, one of the leading families in Colonial social life; so the young Irishman, tall and strong, with his fine figure and

jovial temper, soon adapted himself to the life about him, and it did not take him long to discover that the young men in this new country were fired with the one ambition—to get rich. In Johnson's mind, too, this became a fixed idea, added to which was the explorer's instinct and love of adventure; and so, after whiling away many weeks in the social gayeties of New York, Johnson set out to the land of the Mohawk Valley, going by sloop up the Hudson, towards Albany.

He found Albany a "log city" with a few smart brick houses, a good place to lay in supplies for a journey in the wilderness. Then through the pine-barrens—probably with some fleet-footed Indian guide—he took a day's tramp to Schenectady, with its gabled Dutch-tiled houses, denoting comfort within, while the high palisades round the flourishing settlement betokened danger without. Through the north gate of this palisade, Johnson picked his way across the wild country, sleeping each night at the hospitable manor houses on his way, until at last he reached Warren's Bush or Warren's Burg, the name of the farm which his uncle had placed in his charge.

It was a beautiful, fertile land—this Mohawk country in which he found himself, so named from the chief tribe of the Iroquois, who lived there. These were the happy pioneer days, before pillage

and bloodshed darkened the soil. White men's houses and Indian villages nestled close together; often there were Indian cabins inside of the white men's fortifications, but in the Indian palisaded towns, hundreds, and sometimes thousands, herded together; noble-looking creatures—these red-skinned children of the forest—until the white man gave them “strong waters,” put firearms in their hands, and planted hatred in their hearts; then they became the demons that made the beautiful mountain fastnesses of Revolutionary New York spots of terror and devastation.

But when the young Irish settler came among them, he found the savages simple and childlike, and his warm, genial nature planted in their hearts a love and trust that grew with the passing years. Romance hovered around the sturdy frame of this Son of Erin, and peace rested on the sunlit valley of the Mohawk, while the young agent carved a vast fortune for himself, with his herds of cattle and the ever profitable fur trade. The story of his life and of his intercourse with the Indians might well be called one of the Sagas of America, but we can only weave the gleam of color that he lent to history into our story of New York's struggle for independence during those dark days when Sir William Johnson slept in his quiet grave, and the hated Butlers incited the hitherto peace-loving tribes, to the foulest deeds.

The Butlers lived on the adjoining estate and as Lieutenant John Butler was also an Irishman, the two landowners soon became fast friends, their families growing up side by side; for William Johnson mended his broken heart by speedily marrying Catharine Wilsenberg, the daughter of a German Patroon. A Patroon in America was the name given to certain wealthy settlers who wished to rise in the social scale, by the purchase of land, and lived upon it in the style of landed proprietors, somewhat similar to the baronets of England. The first Patroon of New York was one Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, the head of a powerful family, whose name still holds its own in New York state; but in course of time the Patroons grew so powerful that Peter Stuyvesant abolished the order.

After Sir William's death, his son, John, succeeded to his lands and titles, and as the political fight between England and the Colonies waxed keener, Sir John ranged himself openly on the side of the Tories, and, using his great influence among the credulous Indians of that section, won them completely over to the English side. The Butlers—father and two sons, Walter and John—also swore allegiance to the King, and this handful of men, with their hordes of murdering savages and unprincipled bands of Tory regulars, for many years of the Revolution, ravaged the beautiful country from Albany, far beyond the

present site of Saratoga, and butchered and burned wherever they went.

No wonder the thriving Colony stretched along the coast, when preparing for the great struggle, thought shudderingly of this Mohawk Valley, where lurked so many deadly enemies, and especially was this the case among the dwellers at Albany, for the French and Indian War, so lately brought to a victorious close by the English victory, had given the little town a bitter taste of what war really was. Then the English troops had made it their rendezvous, and the steady, church-going people were astounded at the rough behavior of the men, and society was scandalized at the dances and plays that were produced under their aristocratic noses. Now, when the English soldiers gave way to the Continentals, the danger was even greater, for the red-coats took to the woods and the Indians, gathering force to give them a blow from behind, while the people of Albany made fast her gates and called their wise men together for council.

On the banks of the Hudson River a few old families had settled, buying large tracts of land and gradually building up an aristocracy of their own, just as the landed proprietors did in Virginia. Their property bordered on the domain of Sir William Johnson and his Six Nations, and gave them a knowledge of the state of the country

which proved invaluable in conducting the border warfare of the Revolution.

In viewing the patriotic feeling in New York during those momentous days before the Declaration, it must be borne in mind that, unlike Virginia and Massachusetts, the backbone of this Colony was Dutch. There was not that same feeling of revolt against a land which was certainly not regarded by the Colonists as the "Mother Country"; but the same feeling which made them rebel at the tyranny of Sir Peter Stuyvesant made them look with suspicion on their new English masters, and send messages of sympathy to Massachusetts in distress,—in short, held them ready at any time to take their stand for justice.

Patriotism glowed with even heat in New York; there were no brilliant leaders, as in Massachusetts and Virginia, simply because there were no outraged people to lead. England's wrath, descending on the devoted head of Massachusetts, miscalculated the character of the fine old Dutch stock in New York; indeed, the Colonists themselves had only submitted to the English rule as the best way of extending their trade, but the Boston Port Bill opened their eyes and made them tremble for their own port.

During the Stamp Act struggle, the people of New York were still loyal to the King, though a

few began to speak of independence, and the "Sons of Liberty" secretly organized. But when Great Britain placed a strong military force in New York for no apparent reason, and insisted upon money being raised for their maintenance, the Assembly rebelled and was dissolved. This was an act of tyranny levelled at New York itself, and William Livingston, a worthy descendant of the founder of the family, wrote these prophetic words:

"Courage, Americans! Liberty, religion, and science are on the wing to these shores. The finger of God points out a mighty empire to your sons. . . . The land we possess is the gift of Heaven to our fathers, and Divine Providence seems to have decreed it to our latest posterity. The day dawns in which the foundation of this mighty empire is to be laid by the establishment of a regular American Constitution. All that has been done hitherto seems to be little beside the collection of materials for this glorious fabric. 'Tis time to put them together. The transfer of the European family is so vast, and our growth so swift, that before seven years roll over our heads, the first stone must be laid."

So spoke a prophet in 1767; in 1774 the first stone *had* been laid and New York had cast in her fortunes with the other Colonies. All honor to the true blue old Dutch blood and brawn of

our Revolutionary heroes! A Livingston signed the Declaration of Independence—a Schuyler served his country in many a battle, and the others fell into line when the time came.

Nothing stirs the spirit of rebellion more than an armed force; and, however the peace-loving citizens of New York might try to ignore the fact, they were most assuredly under military rule. There were frequent skirmishes between the soldiers and the people to keep the bad feeling in ferment, but still the thinking men hoped and trusted to the British Government to find out for itself the many mistakes it was making.

New York was soon divided into three distinct parties: the Sons of Liberty who counceled rebellion against England's unjust measures; the Tories, devoted heart and soul to the cause of Mother England, while between these two opposing parties was the calm-thinking party composed of men of wealth and influence, unwilling to throw themselves recklessly into a quarrel, unless Great Britain left them no other way of maintaining their independence. Among these last, as members of the New York Assembly, we find such names as Schuyler, Van Cortlandt, Clinton, Ten Broeck, and Livingston. It was the staunchness of this moderate party that became "the bone and sinew" of the Revolution.

There were but few men, however, whose voices were heard above the fierce mutterings of general discontent. One of these was Colonel Philip Schuyler, who won his title in the recent French and Indian War; and another was Alexander Hamilton, whose voice was first raised at a monster meeting of the "Sons of Liberty," and attracted everyone by his remarkable eloquence. Another was John Lamb, an intimate friend of Paul Revere, and to whom that busy Patriot wrote from time to time, describing the situation in Boston, while George Clinton, Gouverneur Morris, Richard Montgomery, and a host of others stood ready to act at a moment's notice.

From the time the Stamp Act was repealed, to the closing of Boston Harbor, the British soldiers in New York had been a constant menace, and the special bone of contention seemed to be a liberty pole. Just after the Act was repealed, in 1766, on June 4, the anniversary of the King's birthday, the enthusiasm of the Colonists floated the English flag and erected a pole bearing the words, "The King, Pitt, and Liberty," on a shield at the top. This was done to show their gratitude to England, but the soldiers, imagining that they had set it up as a symbol of triumph, ruthlessly tore it down. Another pole was immediately set up by the indignant citizens; this, too, was cut down. A third was put up, and that was cut

down after a lapse of time, driving the citizens to a state of fury. They then erected a fourth pole and fastened it with iron braces. This seemed to defy destruction, for it stood until January, 1770, when again the soldiers pulled it down and sawed it into pieces.

This produced a riot, which the Mayor checked by ordering the soldiers to their barracks; the soldiers, in their turn, charged upon the unarmed citizens, and a bloody fight ensued. This occurrence took place two months before the Boston Massacre. It was called the Battle of Golden Hill, and the scene of the encounter was New York City, on the present site of John Street, near William; it was supposed to be the very first bloodshed in the War of the Revolution. But the determined people conquered in the end. They erected a fifth pole, much taller than the others, with the single word, "Liberty," inscribed upon it, and this—for some unknown reason—was allowed to stand.

So New York, in spite of its strong leaning towards the King, was having troubles of its own long before the Boston Tea-Party stirred the American Colonies. After that event, however, there was a settled spirit of resistance in all state affairs, especially in New York, and added to this feeling was one of conscious strength, which Robert Livingston, the second of the name, then

an old man with a son and grandson of the same name, put into words: "It is intolerable," he said, "that a continent like America should be governed by a little island three thousand miles away. America must and will be independent."

Governor Tryon now held a despotic sway over the Colony, but, in the Spring of 1774, he considered the situation in the Colonies to be so critical that he went to England to report personally concerning recent events. It was during his absence that the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, on September 5, 1774, and New York was represented by Philip Livingston, John Alsop, Isaac Low, and James Duane; in 1775, the other delegates added to the list were George Clinton, Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris, Robert R. Livingston, and Philip Schuyler. Among these names we recognize, not only the familiar Dutch families, but those of English origin as well; for little by little the spirit of liberty was taking hold of all the nationalities, which from the very beginning have made the port of New York a landing-place.

The first Continental Congress adjourned on October 26, 1774. The following April, the first blow for independence had resulted in the Battles of Lexington and Concord. Hancock and Samuel Adams had made their escape to New York, and were on their way to Philadel-

phia, where the Second Congress assembled on May 10. This was the Congress which hatched our Declaration of Independence, and gave us Washington to lead us to victory. This same Congress unanimously appointed Colonel Philip Schuyler as Major-General, and Richard Montgomery as Brigadier-General, both from New York, to serve under him.

Philip Schuyler was the man best fitted for the important post of Major-General. He was rich and influential, of the highest integrity, and his military experience had embraced also an almost unequalled knowledge of that wild region of lakes and mountains, the home of the Six Nations, of Sir John Johnson, who was steeping his father's honored name in blood, and of Walter Butler, known as the "white savage," whose deeds of violence were unnumbered.

Philip Schuyler was the grandson of Captain Johannes Schuyler, and the son of Johannes, Jr., Indian Commissioner, and Mayor of Albany; he was born November 11, 1733. His mother was Cornelia Van Cortlandt,—so pure Dutch blood flowed in the boy's veins. His father died when he was eight years old, and he was brought up entirely by his mother, living part of his life at the house in Albany, and partly at "The Flatts," the name of the Manor House of the Schuyler family, and the home of the famous

"Aunt Schuyler" who has figured so much in Colonial and Revolutionary history. Her "model" household was celebrated in its time, and here the boy had the best moral and physical training. He could shoot, fish, handle a horse or a canoe, sail a sloop, and, best of all, he had no fear of the forest paths; for, from the time of the first Peter Schuyler, the Indians had been friendly.

The Iroquois tribes had called him "Quider," because of their peculiar mode of speaking. They never closed the lips, using only guttural or vowel sounds, so, naturally "Peter" was an impossibility to pronounce, and they used "Quider" instead. The memory of "Quider" was handed down among them through generations, and was the secret of Schuyler's great influence among them.

He was more fortunate than most Colonial schoolboys. He had a Huguenot tutor until he was fifteen, when he was sent to boarding school at New Rochelle, the home of the Huguenot refugees, and placed in charge of Reverend Mr. Stoupe, pastor of the French Protestant Church. His favorite study was mathematics, an excellent study in its higher branches, for a future general; and here also he learned the French language—a rare accomplishment.

John Jay was also a pupil in the same house, and he tells us that the fare provided by Mrs.

Stoupe was starvation diet, and that he often went hungry to bed "in a room so ill protected from the winds of Winter, that he awoke to find the snow drifted upon the floor." Schuyler no doubt shared this experience, for at New Rochelle he had his first attack of rheumatic gout. This first illness, when he was a mere boy, kept him housed for a year, and all through his military career the least exposure made him a prisoner, whether in camp or at home.

Social gayeties fell to the portion of Philip Schuyler, and soon after he had won distinction in the French and Indian War he married "sweet Kitty Van Rensselaer," like himself descended from the first Philip Schuyler. He and his pretty army bride showed great kindness to the wounded French prisoners in Albany.

After the war, Schuyler visited in England, having many adventures on the way. On his return he found that his young wife had been busy in his absence, and, as there were many skilled carpenters whom the war had driven to Albany, she had built, as a surprise to her husband, a beautiful Colonial mansion on the side of the hill, half a mile south of the town. Later, Schuyler tried experiments in agriculture at Saratoga, and, in 1767, built a large house there, which became the summer home of the family.

At the first session of the Continental Congress, Philip Schuyler sat listening to the brilliant oratory and modestly holding himself in the background. The men of action were not the speakers; even George Washington—his magnificent figure towering above his colleagues—sat silent while events were shaping about him. The discussions were naturally concerning the army, and after Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief, Schuyler received his appointment as Major-General, along with Artemus Ward, then in command at Boston, Israel Putnam, the Connecticut hero, and Charles Lee, the brilliant English adventurer, “glib of tongue and worthless” as it proved. Accordingly, on June 21, 1775, George Washington, Philip Schuyler, and Charles Lee, rode out of Philadelphia, journeying northward. They were met in Newark by Montgomery, who had just received his appointment as Brigadier-General, and escorted by him to New York, just as the British man-of-war, with Governor Tryon on board, was sighted. It was strange the two arrivals should come almost at the same moment, and the people, with their divided feelings, had a hard part to play.

Washington appeared first, riding down Broadway with Schuyler and Montgomery; and he received the proper welcome from the assembled

Patriots. In the evening, Governor Tryon landed, and he, too, was escorted through the city with due honor. Schuyler had once been a personal friend of the Governor, but those dark days broke many friendships. Washington passed on to Cambridge to take command of the army, and Schuyler was left to face the difficult problem of New York, which, while at that time one of the smaller Colonies, was, for military movements, the most important of all, for it separated New England from New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. British forces held the Port of New York; the Colonists had not a ship to protect it; the English fleets could enter and land their troops. The Colony itself was divided in its sentiments; with all the distinguished names on the Patriots' list, there were numbers, of high social standing and unquestioned ability, who either held aloof or were loyal to the King.

So, a great responsibility rested on the shoulders of Philip Schuyler, and the fact that the name is honored to-day in the history of New York goes far to prove how valiantly he served for liberty. A man, whose very nature called for peace, whose health protested against the dangers of camp life, whose wealth and influence could have been used in other ways, sacrificed himself at his country's call, playing his part

with dignity, even though his enemies succeeded in pulling him from his high place.

Unlike Schuyler in every respect, yet intimately associated with him in after years, a flashing little figure darts upon the scene. The pigmy giant, Alexander Hamilton, a student of King's College, cast in his lot with the Patriots, and this man, with the little body and the big mind, has ever since scintillated through the pages of our history. Nobody knows just who he was, save that he arrived in New York from Santa Cruz, in the West Indies, when quite a boy, and, through the interest of a Presbyterian clergyman, Reverend Hugh Knox, was provided with funds enough to secure an education.

He was born on the little island of Nevis, one of the West Indies, but his mother died soon after, and his father, having disappeared, the child was taken by relatives in Santa Cruz. When he was twelve years old, he was placed in a merchant's counting-house to earn his living, at a time when most boys were thinking of their games and their holidays. At the age of twelve, he wrote to a friend:

"I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk. I would willingly risk my life—though not my character—to exalt my station: . . . I wish there was a war!"

His wish was granted before he was many years older, but in the meantime there was much work for Alexander Hamilton to do. He thirsted above all for the education which his kind friend, Doctor Knox, was willing to give him, but in the meantime his restless young mind drank in all the literature on which he could lay his hands. Pope and Plutarch were his favorite authors and when not reading he made much progress in composition. It was his vivid description of a hurricane in the West Indies that attracted attention, and those interested in him decided that he deserved greater opportunities than a West Indian counting-house, and, when he was fifteen, funds were provided to send him to the Colonies. He reached Boston in October, 1772, and from there he went straight to New York, where letters from Doctor Knox provided him with some excellent advisers. It was at their suggestion that he went to a grammar school at Elizabethtown to "brush up" his studies and prepare for college. At the end of a year's time, so well did he work, he was ready for college. His first choice was Princeton, but as he wished to rush through at top intellectual speed, the rules of the college would not let him in. So he entered King's College in New York (now Columbia) where he could study as fast as he wished. He employed a private tutor to help him, and threw himself

heart and soul into the work. He gathered up knowledge in huge quantities, and he was, even at sixteen, deeply interested in the studies of finance, government and politics, and his chief recreation was his afternoon walk under the shadow of the trees on Batteau Street plunged in thought and talking eagerly to himself. Every one noticed the small slight, boy with his dark skin and deep-set eyes that seemed to be ever looking into the future.

When the first signs of the coming struggle touched New York—Hamilton, who had no prejudices and no wrongs to avenge, was uncertain on which side to place his allegiance, but after careful study of the issues he decided rightly and wisely to cast in his lot with the oppressed Colonies, and once his decision was made he was faithful to the end. As soon as he was sure of himself he set to work to rouse New York from its lethargy.

A mass meeting was held in the fields on July 6, 1774, presided over by well-known Patriots. Hamilton, who was listening eagerly to the orators, was suddenly filled with the idea, that he could tell that crowd some things the speakers had left out, so he made his way to the platform, this slender sapling of a boy, and, after a few embarrassed moments, began to talk as if inspired. He gave them none of the high flown

oratory of the day, but hard, clear, sensible facts, presented in wonderful English, every word of which contained sound reason and clear logic; he carried the crowd with him although a stranger and a mere boy.

From that moment Alexander Hamilton's course was clear and all his talents, literary and military, were used in defence of his adopted country. The Tories and the Patriots assailed each other in pamphlets long before they put the question to the sword. When the Tories assailed the Continental Congress by the writing of some very clever pamphlets, Hamilton replied to them. At first, of course, his name was not known, but as the controversy proceeded the great ability of the author was praised on all sides, and, when his identity was revealed, he sprang at once into fame. He continued his arguments against England in all the newspapers until war was declared. He spoke at public meetings and joined a volunteer corps commanded by Major Fleming, nor did he spare him from hard military training. Law and order, however, were uppermost in his mind and though he belonged to the "Sons of Liberty" and was present at all their meetings, his voice was often raised with much effect to quell rioting, and on ^Mone occasion he was able to save the president of King's College, Doctor Cooper, an ardent Tory, from the violence of a

mob. Hamilton liked, above all things, to "play fair," and his self-restraint and bravery were remarkable in lawless times like this; the combination was rare in one so young, and so enthusiastic.

Early in 1776, when Hamilton was just nineteen, a company of artillery was raised in New York, and the young collegian applied for the command. His examination showed him quite fit for the position, and for once, youth was no drawback, although at his age most boys were still in school or college.

The artillery company showed for the work of its brilliant captain, who was fortunate enough to attract the attention of General Nathanael Greene, who was so impressed with him that he introduced him to Washington, which meant that he was in the line for promotion. In the disastrous Battle of Long Island, he distinguished himself in the masterly retreat by which Washington saved his army. All the way up the Hudson, Hamilton was conspicuous, for his bravery, even offering to storm Fort Washington, though Washington would not consent to such a daring act. But he watched the young Captain through the terrible marching through New Jersey, and, at the close of the campaign, he was appointed one of Washington's aides with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, on March 1, 1777, when he was scarcely twenty years old.

Hamilton wisely accepted the post, though he might have gained higher rank by staying in the field. As a member of the military household he had varied duties, and, while he had no special command of his own, he took part in all the battles in which the army was engaged—always gaining honor and distinction. His principal work was the General's enormous correspondence and Hamilton's literary ability peculiarly fitted him for this post.

His confidential position on the General's staff brought him in close contact with all the great men of the day, and best of all it procured him the undying friendship of General Philip Schuyler, whose daughter, Elizabeth, became his wife, thus cementing the bond between the two men, and giving to Hamilton the social position which his obscure birth had denied him.

Hamilton was sent by Washington to seek reinforcements from General Gates, who had just won the victory over Burgoyne in the North. As a matter of fact, it was General Schuyler whose admirable discipline had paved the way for this victory, but for some unknown reason Congress removed him from his command just before the decisive battle, putting Gates in his stead. Washington, as the superior officer of Gates, had a right to ask for reinforcements—indeed to command them—but he did not think it wise to

offend Gates who, being at that time very popular with the Northern Colonies, might make it uncomfortable for the Commander-in-Chief should there be any trouble. Hamilton proved himself, in this instance, quite a diplomat, and was used by Washington for many other similar, important missions. He also had his hands full during the exciting days following Arnold's treason; he not only saw Mrs. Arnold's prostration over the flight of her husband, but he spent much time with poor ill-fated André. His kind heart induced him to intercede with Washington—while reason told him how vain was the effort.

He spent four years on Washington's staff—and then the two parted in a quarrel. There may have been other things behind the slight cause given in various biographies. Washington had sent for Hamilton, who delayed in answering the summons; the General was displeased; he met the young officer at the head of the stairs and told him that to keep him waiting was a mark of disrespect. Hamilton answered, "I am not conscious of it, sir, but since you have thought it, we part."

Washington was right, Hamilton was wrong in the one-sided quarrel that ensued. He would not let the friendship die though Hamilton was no longer his aide. Hamilton went back into the army and covered himself with glory at Yorktown, under his General's admiring eyes.

After the war, he studied law, married, and then began to pave the way for his brilliant political career.

Hamilton's greatest work was the revision and rewriting of our Constitution, at a time when the new-born states quarreled and quibbled over every clause. His grasp, too, of the financial side of the problem turned all eyes towards him; when President Washington was selecting his cabinet, Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury, and ably did he fulfill his trust.

The career of this wonderful man, who came like a meteor and went like a fallen star, belongs alike to the history of New York and of America. His bravery won him high places, and he may be justly claimed by New York as one of the mighty architects of the Nation.

New York, indeed, had a difficult part to play in the Revolution; her heroes fought not only the ambushed Tories and Six Nations, and guarded the high seas from the British fleets, but they spurred on those who, for one reason or another, held back; and, above all, they succeeded in time in overcoming the prejudice of their New England neighbors, by joining with them, heart and soul, in the great struggle for liberty.

CHAPTER IV

THE RALLY OF THE PATRIOTS

WHY Philadelphia should have been chosen as the rallying place for the protesting Colonies it is hard to understand, unless the reason lay in the fact that it was easy of access. Philadelphia, and indeed the entire Colony of Pennsylvania, had as yet entertained no idea of foreswearing allegiance to England. Of all the Colonies, it was probably the most tranquil, for it was born in peace, though the man who bought it, had lived a turbulent life for the sake of peace.

William Penn was thirty-six years old when King Charles II gave over to him, in fee simple, a large tract of land in the New World. Penn proposed to establish in this country a colony where all people should obey the dictates of their consciences without fear of punishment. Penn himself was a Quaker, a sect newly risen in England, who believed in purity and simplicity of living which was much scoffed at in the corrupt court of the Merry Monarch.

The Quakers, or Friends as they preferred to be called, had just come into England when Penn

was a young college student; and for a peace-loving sect they made much trouble and commotion—their fixed rule being not to do what other people did, while at the same time they did a great many things which other people would not do. To say the least, the Quakers were very moral; but one could scarcely call them a religious sect, because they openly renounced all forms of worship, while many little peculiarities marked their intercourse with each other and with the world. They sprang chiefly from the lower classes, and they preached their belief wherever they could get a hearing—in taverns, in the streets, in the fields—and the crowds, who stopped to listen, stayed to jeer. They gave out prophecies and warnings of doom in a monotonous voice, and they trembled as they spoke; and so, because of this, or perhaps because George Fox bade the magistrates tremble at the word of the Lord, they were called Quakers.

They were very loud and unruly, interrupting church service and finding fault with the preachers; and if there was one thing both Churchmen and Puritans hated more than each other, it was the Quakers. Even the Quaker women preached and took the part of men, and many became almost insane in their efforts to show what they did not believe. They did not believe in baptism or communion; they did not believe in

the Trinity; they did not believe entirely in the Bible; they did not believe in original sin; they did not believe in churches, and they had no use for priests and clergymen who accepted pay for their services. They called churches "priest houses" or "steeple houses." The Church of Christ was, in their minds, a spiritual idea. They were guided entirely by what they called the "inward light," which was given by God to everyone who came into the world. This "inner light"—shed upon the conscience—enlightened and assisted it.

Their worship was peculiar; they sat silent in their meetings, till someone was moved by the spirit to pray or preach. Sometimes a meeting would be conducted in silence from beginning to end. This silence cultivated the "inward light," and thereby developed the soul. Two friends could hold in this way a silent meeting together. The Quakers never took an oath in court, because the scriptures commanded, "Swear not at all." They also refused to remove their hats in the court-room or in the presence of important people. They used *thee* and *thou*, at that time only used by servants and inferiors.

The Quakers opposed everything that disturbed this habit of contemplation. All games and amusements, any exciting enterprises were forbidden. Therefore, as a general rule, the

Quakers kept away from politics. But in the Colony of Pennsylvania this rule could not hold, for the Quakers under William Penn were in control of the government.

The Penns could no more keep out of politics than they could forget their names. Admiral Penn, the father of William, changed his politics with the shifting rulers. He served Charles I faithfully; then he veered with the winds, which swelled his sails, and served Cromwell quite as faithfully, though secretly he was plotting for the return of Charles II, offering to turn over the fleet to him in his exile. Though Cromwell knew of this, he still retained the able seaman, and at the Restoration Charles II rewarded him with a high place in the navy.

The grant of land to William Penn was in part payment for these past services of his father, and was probably the secret of the tolerance shown to the fanatical boy when he joined the Quakers and made himself generally disagreeable. He followed, as well as he could, in the footsteps of George Fox, and, like that indomitable leader, went to prison many times before he founded the Colony of Pennsylvania.

No wonder, then, that William Penn regarded the King's grant as salvation for the Quakers, whose cause he had championed at every opportunity. It was not an idea of sudden growth,

—this providing a refuge in the wilderness of America for these persecuted people. The leaders had seen the Puritans go to Massachusetts, and the Roman Catholics go to Maryland; they did not wish to take these long-suffering people to almost certain persecution among the churchmen in Virginia, and Dutch New York was a place of unknown terrors. Already, the far-seeing George Fox had fixed on the unoccupied territory just north of Maryland and behind New Jersey. It had not been settled because it was some distance from the sea-shore, but a great river—which the Dutch called the Zuydt and the English named the Delaware—made access to the ocean easy enough, and, in 1660, Fox sent one Josiah Cole over to America to treat with the Susquehanna Indians, who were supposed to be the lords of that region. Cole knew the country well, having been in America before, and had had much friendly intercourse with the Indians; but, when Fox sent him over to try and buy this bit of real estate, the owners were at war with other tribes, and there was no chance of purchasing the coveted land.

Penn, though but a boy at this time, soon after joined his fortunes with his Quaker friends, and to him the idea of this new land of peace and harmony appealed strongly. But it was not until 1680 that he began to treat with the Crown for the land he had dreamed of, when a boy.

In the meantime, New Jersey had been divided into East and West Jersey. East Jersey belonged to Sir George Cartaret, West Jersey to Lord Berkeley. West Jersey was sold by Lord Berkeley to John Fenwick and Edward Byllinge, two Quakers, who, getting into a dispute, called upon Penn to settle the question,—for the Quakers avoided lawsuits among their own people, and matters were generally adjusted by the “peace makers,” as they were called. There was some attempt on Penn’s part to make a Quaker settlement of these two provinces, but the soil was not so fertile nor the country as attractive as the vast forests and mountain ranges of Pennsylvania, and after a time Penn lost interest in it.

Meanwhile, Penn’s father, the Admiral, had died, leaving his son a rich man. A few years later, he was happily married to Miss Gulielma Springett, a very charming young woman whom he loved devotedly. His home life was delightful, and despite his Quaker persuasion he became a very broad-minded, cultured man. He had inherited from his father a legacy more important than wealth, the friendship of Charles II, and his brother, James, the Duke of York; and these royalties also owed his deceased father a debt of £16,000, which it was impossible for them to pay in ready money, as the Exchequer was always in a state of exhaustion. So Penn sent a petition to

the King, asking that, in payment of the £16,000, he be given a tract of land in America, lying north of Maryland, "bounded on the east by the Delaware River, on the west limited as Maryland, and northward to extend as far as plantable." These somewhat vague boundary lines gave much trouble; so much so that Penn's biographer startles us with this queer supposition: "If the Maryland boundaries were right, Philadelphia was a Maryland town, and if the Pennsylvania boundaries were right, Baltimore was a Pennsylvania town."

However that may be, Penn was granted a tract of land larger than Ireland and very nearly as large as England—the largest tract ever given to a single person,—land which afterwards proved the most valuable in America, with its fertile soil and its untold wealth of coal, iron, and petroleum. On March 4, 1681, the charter received the Royal signature, and Penn found himself a great lord of a vast territory. He sent his cousin, William Markham, ahead to take possession, while he stayed behind to prepare for what he called "The holy experiment of Pennsylvania."

The rest is history. The following year, after framing a Constitution which tempered "justice with mercy," Penn set sail for America to build a great city, and to lay out and govern the most prosperous of the Colonies; for shiploads of

Quaker emigrants arrived rapidly, many bringing with them the frames of houses ready to set up. Everyone seemed happy in the venture, from the handsome young proprietor—he was only thirty-eight—to the humblest of workmen. These fortunate settlers suffered no hardships, neither famine nor sickness of any kind. It was more like a picnic or camping party, this building of Philadelphia, which well deserved its name, “The City of Brotherly Love.”

In his treatment of the Indians, Penn’s name has gone on the honor roll. He paid them well for their land and gave his promise to treat them fairly. There was nothing remarkable in this promise, except that he kept his word, not merely in his own eyes, but in those of the savages, who spoke of him as the one white man and Christian whose word was his bond.

Through all of William Penn’s career nothing else gave him such lasting and deserved renown. This was the secret of Pennsylvania’s tranquil prosperity, which lasted, not only during Penn’s life, but long afterwards, until the French and Indian War touched their frontier in 1755, when the Pennsylvanians—unaccustomed to warfare—were almost without weapons, and the invaders swept everything before them. At that time, the people of Pennsylvania first became aware of the discord in the world about them.

The Quaker government in Philadelphia and middle Pennsylvania kept the peace-bond in spite of many difficulties, but when, at the close of the French and Indian War, some of their own peaceful tribes were unjustly slaughtered, they were beset with difficulties, and finally the King was petitioned to abolish the proprietorship and govern Pennsylvania as a royal Province. This was hardly done before the Stamp Act threatened the very foundations of liberty, and, through a series of events, it came to pass that Philadelphia, "the City of Brotherly Love," was the spot selected from which to make a final stand, to break with the Mother Country, to declare independence.

The Pennsylvanians, fresh upon the scene, had no long years of tyranny to avenge; but their situation, in the very midst of revolt, made it necessary to stand on one side or the other. Yet, with few exceptions, they were unwilling to break the bond with England. The Patriot leaders found it as difficult to persuade the Quakers to abandon the life of peace and plenty they were leading, as to persuade the stout, red-faced, jovial Mynheers of Dutch New York to set down their tankards of foaming beer and take up their guns for liberty.

When the patriotic delegates made up their minds that they must have a place of meeting, and

Philadelphia was selected, it was not with unmixed joy that the inhabitants prepared a welcome for the strangers. The representatives were not only unknown to them, but were unknown to each other, save by name and reputation. It was not easy in those days to travel from Colony to Colony, and, even between Virginia and Massachusetts, the leaders of the rebellion, there was little or no intercourse, save through the untiring energy of the Expresses.

These, as we know, were mounted messengers, sent out from one Colony to another during those troublous times. Their importance can never be estimated, and, save in the cases of Paul Revere and one or two others, they are heroes unsung in history.

It was due to the quick work of the Expresses that the members who composed the first Continental Congress assembled so promptly. There was no official welcome for these delegates, who were simply coming to discuss matters, with due deference and loyalty to the King. At that time only two members present seriously thought of independence—Samuel Adams, who had always considered it the only course, and Patrick Henry, who had not yet uttered the memorable words, "Give me liberty—or give me death!"

The "Sons of Liberty" of Philadelphia deputed some of their number to welcome the guests.

The men selected were Charles Thomson, a well-known merchant, Thomas Mifflin, another merchant, Joseph Reed, a young lawyer who, though educated for the bar in England, was always an ardent patriot, and last but not least, John Dickinson, whose voice had much weight in the Councils. He was greatly censured by the determined Massachusetts men and the hot-headed Virginians, because he wished to pause and reason with England, to present protests and petitions, while her soldiers were tramping, unbidden, through the Colonies.

He had married an excellent Quaker lady, and the peaceful Quakers of Philadelphia depended on his good sense and judgment to head off rebellion. Thomson and Dickinson had married cousins, and saw a great deal of each other. Thomson asserts that Dickinson would have been on the side of the Patriots in the very beginning, but that he was held back by his mother and his wife. His mother is reported to have said to him: "Johnny, you will be hanged; your estate will be forfeited and confiscated; you will leave your excellent wife a widow, and your charming children—orphans, beggars, and infamous."

No doubt this consideration held many a man back from the final step, and was a sentiment shared by most of the wives and mothers. Dickinson, however, through a series of papers called

"Farmer's Letters," explained the stand of the Patriots in masterly fashion, and guided many an exciting debate into calmer waters.

Yet, after all, the quiet Quakers must have watched with a thrill the coming of the delegates from all habitable parts of the New World. Eleven of the thirteen Colonies were represented in this gathering, and the delegates began coming in to Philadelphia as early as August 10, when "the South Carolina packet from Charleston reached the wharf at Philadelphia, and Henry Middleton and Edward Rutledge walked ashore." Following them in quick succession came representatives from New Hampshire, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Delaware, Virginia, New York, and Maryland.

But the arrivals which excited the liveliest interest were the delegates from the suffering town of Boston. They were the heroes of the hour; and the visiting delegates, accompanied by the committee of Philadelphians, rode as far as the suburbs to meet them. There were five delegates appointed, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Trent Paine, and James Bowdoin, but the last mentioned could not come on account of failing health, for the journey was a long one. It took them three weeks to travel by coach from Boston, and they feared at the last moment that Governor Gage would try to

prevent their departure—but they were not molested. “In fact,” we are told, “when one of the four horses which drew their carriage balked near the Common, the Captain of a company of regulars jokingly suggested to them that their coachman must have made a mistake and put in a Tory horse.”

It was a triumphant progress from Boston to Philadelphia, and, as John Adams wrote to his wife; “It would take a volume to describe the whole. . . . We have had opportunities to see the world, and to form acquaintances with the most eminent and famous men in the several Colonies we have passed through.” At Princeton College, they were entertained by President Witherspoon. Both he and the student-body were “Sons of Liberty,” though, in Chapel, we learn that “they sang as badly as the Presbyterians of New York.”

On Friday, the second of September, the advance-guard of the Virginians arrived—Benjamin Harrison, Richard Bland, Peyton Randolph and Richard Henry Lee, the last of whom was destined to shed undying lustre on an already honored name by offering to the Second Continental Congress a resolution proposing the drafting of a Declaration of Independence.

But Virginia had yet to send her most illustrious representatives—George Washington, Pat-

rick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, who arrived on Sunday, September 4. Henry and Pendleton, at Washington's invitation, had stopped over-night at Mount Vernon; they were both much impressed by Mrs. Washington. "I hope you will all stand firm," she said, when the time of parting came; "I know George will," and she waved good-by to the three gentlemen, as they started off on their five days' journey on horse-back.

There is no doubt that the Virginia group of delegates attracted the greatest amount of attention and admiration. Samuel Adams, a wonderful reader of men, saw from the beginning that not even the trials of Massachusetts, which had brought the Assembly together, would count for anything in this Congress without the enthusiastic support of these vigorous sons of Virginia.

The delegates from New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland arrived later; and the notable Congress had already assembled when they took their seats.

When we look back upon those dangerous journeys over bad roads or through forests beset by unknown terrors, we cannot but marvel at the courage and energy of these patriotic gentlemen, who literally risked life and limb in the service of their country.

There was no hint of rebellion to mark this first Congress. They had come together merely to protest to the King about certain unjust acts of Parliament. During the first few weeks, much time was spent in organization. On Monday morning, September 5, the delegates met at the City Tavern, and marched to Carpenter's Hall, which, after some controversy, had been selected as the place for assembly. Then they set to work in earnest, choosing Peyton Randolph as chairman, and Charles Thomson—"the Samuel Adams of Philadelphia"—as secretary, a position which he faithfully held for fifteen years. He was discreet and conscientious, and "would not reveal the secrets of a Congress sitting with its head in the lion's mouth." So strict was his sense of honor that he was known in Philadelphia as "Charles Thomson, the man who tells the truth," and so careful was he of the secrets in his keeping that he destroyed all his notes of the great historic drama, thereby depriving the world of the most authentic story of the Revolution. "The Confidential Secretary of the Continental Congress" carried its secrets to the grave. He well deserved that epitaph upon his tombstone.

The delegates had many a hard lesson to learn before they could work peaceably side by side for the common weal. There were parties and factions, just as in the politics of to-day, and John

Adams wrote to his wife: "Fifty gentlemen meeting together, all strangers, are not acquainted with each other's language, ideas, views, designs. They are, therefore, jealous of each other, fearful, timid, skittish."

Added to which they were of many religions—"some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists." Knowing as we do that many of the Colonists had run away from religious persecution in the Old World, seeking "freedom to worship God," each in his own way in the New World, it naturally followed that there was some discussion as to whom they should select to open the Congress with prayer. Finally, after much wrangling, Samuel Adams rose and said, "he was no bigot and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue, who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duché deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress tomorrow morning. . . . Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for Seventh of September, which was the thirty-fifth Psalm. . . . After this, Mr. Duché, unexpectedly to every-

body, struck out into an extemporaneous prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. . . . It had had an excellent effect on everybody there."

Truly, there is no finer record of the times and the events than the intimate letters of John Adams to his wife. He was a great power in this raw Congress, where he sat silent for the most part, studying the men about him, and, without doubt, in an unobtrusive way he was one of the busiest members of the Congress.

"The business before me is so arduous and takes up my time so entirely that I cannot write often," John Adams says in another letter. "I had the characters and tempers, the principles and views of fifty gentlemen to study, and the trade policy and whole interest of a dozen provinces to learn when I came here. I have multitudes of pamphlets, newspapers, and private letters to read. I have numberless plans of policy, and many arguments to consider. I have many visits to make and receive, much ceremony to endure, which cannot be avoided, which, you know, I hate."

"There is great spirit in the Congress," he says, in another letter. "But our people must be peaceable. Let them exercise every day in the week if they will; the more, the better. Let

them furnish themselves with artillery, arms and ammunition. Let them follow the maxim which you say they have adopted, 'In times of peace, prepare for war.' But let them avoid war *if possible—if possible*, I say. Mr. Revere will bring you the doings of the Congress, who are now all about me, debating what advice to give to Boston and Massachusetts Bay."

Adams, with his keen insight, gauged the very depths of every man present; but Patrick Henry it was who carried men off their feet. On hearing of the bombardment of Boston at the close of a spirited debate, he uttered these memorable words: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian—but an American."

His tall figure, "in its plain dark suit of minister's gray, and unpowdered wig," deeply impressed Secretary Thomson, who saw him for the first time and imagined that he was some country parson who had "mistaken his talents and the theatre for their display." The honest Secretary changed his opinion in a short time. Yet Henry himself, simple, unaffected, devoted heart and soul to the cause of the people, had no idea how he towered above most of his associates in Congress. When asked by one of his neighbors at home whom he esteemed the greatest man in

the First Congress, he is said to have answered: "Rutledge [of South Carolina], if you speak of eloquence, is by far the greatest orator, but Colonel Washington, who has no pretensions to eloquence, is a man of more solid judgment and information than any man on the floor." Yet George Washington sat almost silent through that First Congress, his tall figure and military bearing powerfully impressing those men who looked ahead.

The members of the First Congress met once more at the City Tavern to say farewell, on October 25, determined to meet again in the near future—for Congress had voted to stand by Massachusetts at all costs. There was much to do before Congress met again. Feeling that things were coming to a crisis, they went quietly to work, as the far-seeing John Adams recommended, gathering in and secreting all the ammunition and military stores within their reach, drilling night and day. The "Sons of Liberty," now grown to a great organization, spread through the Colonies, keeping constant and vigilant watch for the slightest movement of hostility on the part of the English, for the latest orders from the Mother Country forbade the purchase of firearms by the Colonists, while the soldiers were commanded to seize everything of the kind they could lay their hands upon. Secret ex-

presses were sent from town to town, from province to province, warning the citizens to hold on to their stores.

The Patriot leaders now began to speak in more open defiance. The British were roused; a price was set upon the heads of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. War was in the air, and open threats passed between Tories and Whigs, between soldiers and citizens. "Minute Men" were springing up all over the country; the farmer worked with his gun near by; the mechanics went about their business ready to drop their tools at a moment's notice. As usual, Massachusetts took the lead, the British anger seemed concentrated upon the Puritan town.

Yet, Virginia was not far behind. In the city of Richmond, in the old parish church of St. Johns, on March 23, 1775, a vast assembly was gathered. Until that day, it was not a famous church and far less beautiful than many another place of worship, but it stood commandingly on top of Richmond Hill, and its roomy interior made it a fitting place in which to hold the Provincial Convention which assembled there that day. The body of the church was filled with the delegates; in the pulpit sat Peyton Randolph, the president. Washington, the Lees, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and all the other notables were directly under him. The gallery was crowded

with spectators, and they clung to the window-ledge for lack of other space. The meeting was opened, and proceeded in the usual way until Henry rose to speak. There had been no mistaking his attitude from the close of the First Congress: he was heart and soul for war. At the beginning of this momentous meeting, he had offered three resolutions:

“1. That a well regulated militia composed of gentlemen and yeomen is the natural strength, and only security of a free government. . . .

“2. That the establishment of such a militia is at this time peculiarly necessary, by the state of our laws, for the protection and defense of the country. . . .

“3. Resolved, therefore—That this colony be immediately put into a posture of defense; and that there be a committee to prepare a plan for embodying, arming and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose.”

This produced much commotion, opposition and debate, but Henry exclaimed in the hearing of all men: “Why talk of things being now done, which can avert the war? Such things will not be done. The war is coming; it has come already.” So when he rose, and in his low even tones began to speak, those who agreed with him and those who disagreed, leaned forward eagerly, while from the lips of the orator poured forth the

speech which called Virginians to arms, and raised Henry himself to the highest pinnacle of renown.

To begin with, the speech itself was a masterly composition; and, with the speaker's perfect control of face and gesture, every well-chosen sentence struck home. Sentences here and there show the temper of the people.

"This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. . . . For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.

"I have but one lamp by which my feelings are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging the future, but by the past. . . . Let us not in the future deceive ourselves longer. . . . There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, . . . we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

". . . If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is in-

evitable. And let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!"

One can imagine the thrill that went through the packed church while Henry, standing erect and calm, gathered himself together for his final words. He began in a low voice which rose to thundering heights as he went on:

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we idle here? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

There was no applause; the greatest moments are the silent ones. Everyone was struck dumb, there was nothing to say. Patrick Henry had spoken and the world had heard. Virginia from that moment ceased to doubt. Two men who were present have given to posterity some idea of the extraordinary scene. Judge St. George Tucker says:

"Imagine to yourself this speech delivered with all the calm dignity of Cato at Utica; imagine to

yourself the Roman Senate assembled in the Capitol. . . . Imagine that you heard Cato addressing such a Senate. Imagine that you saw the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. Imagine that you had heard a voice as from heaven, uttering the words 'We must fight,' as the doom of Fate, and you may have some idea of the speaker, the assembly—to whom he addressed himself, and the auditory—of which I was one."

Another listener says: "When he sat down, I felt sick with excitement. Every eye gazed entranced on Henry. It seemed as if a word from him would have led to any wild explosion of violence. Men looked beside themselves."

It is told that Colonel Edward Carrington, a friend, who listened to the speech in one of the east windows, cried, as he sprang down, "Let me be buried at this spot!" Carrington fought through the Revolution, and, when he died in 1810, his request was granted, and his grave is just beneath that east window of Old St. Johns.

Hardly had the echoes of Henry's speech died away, when Massachusetts was up in arms; the Battles of Lexington and Concord had been fought, and Samuel Adams and John Hancock, proscribed and hunted, were flying across the country, striving to reach Philadelphia in time for the opening of the Second Congress, which assembled

on May 10, 1775, the day on which Ticonderoga fell into the hands of Ethan Allen and his fifty brave men. But that is another story.

The very air of Philadelphia had changed, as we can see through the letters of John Adams. He writes: "The military spirit which runs through the continent is amazing. This city turns out two thousand men every day. . . . Colonel Washington appears at Congress in his uniform, and by his great experience and abilities in military matters is of much service to us."

Peyton Randolph, who was to have been President of this Second Congress, had been unexpectedly called home, and young Thomas Jefferson was sent as a delegate in his place, while John Hancock was made President of this historic body. There was now little talk of an appeal to the King, though John Dickinson, always moderate, did not favor any declaration of independence. At his back were many who were of his mind; so, behind the closed doors of the Assembly, there were many excited debates.

Benjamin Franklin, now back in Philadelphia, was a great force on the side of the Patriots. All his efforts for peace having come to nothing in England, he had returned to his country to aid with his wise council in this time of stress. Boston was now in a state of siege. The English were shut in the town, and the Americans, under

General Artemus Ward, were encamped in front of it, as yet too small an army and too disorganized to attempt an attack.

One of the first deeds of Congress was to choose a Commander-in-Chief for these straggling, undisciplined soldiers, and it seemed strange that in an assembly quickened to fever heat by so many political squabbles, all eyes should turn towards one man. The Battle of Bunker Hill had been fought on June 17, and the Americans were mourning the death of their beloved leader, Joseph Warren, when, on that same day, John Adams made a motion, asking that Colonel George Washington, of the Virginia militia, be considered for the head of the army; his fitness for such a post could not be disputed. This was a graceful compliment from Massachusetts to Virginia, and a well-laid scheme of the Adamses to knit the two Colonies in closer ties.

It was rumored that Hancock would have liked the appointment for himself. However that may be, Washington was the unanimous choice of Congress, and, modest as he was, he must have had some notion of what was going to happen, for "he had been escorted into Philadelphia by five hundred officers and gentlemen on horseback, and by riflemen and infantry, with bands of music." Artemus Ward, Philip Schuyler, Israel Putnam and Charles Lee were chosen

Major-Generals. Horatio Gates was appointed Adjutant-General, while Pomery, Heath, Thomas of Massachusetts, Wooster and Spencer of Connecticut, Sullivan of New Hampshire, Montgomery of New York, and the Quaker, Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island, the most brilliant officer among them, were appointed Brigadiers.

Out of this stalwart array it seems strange that the only two native Englishmen among them should have proved worthless: Charles Lee and Horatio Gates did not lend much lustre to the glory of our country. Again, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, in deference to Dickinson, another petition was adressed to the King—the “olive branch,” as the long suffering Colonies called it. In return, he proclaimed the Colonists in a state of rebellion, and that broke down all barriers. Congress got quickly to work, spurred on by John Adams, whose unwearied efforts for independence were so obnoxious to many that he wrote his wife he was “avoided like a man infected with leprosy. I walked the streets of Philadelphia in solitude, borne down by the weight of care and unpopularity.”

Meanwhile, Washington had assumed command, and was personally conducting the siege of Boston, while debates waxed hotter in Congress, which sat far into December. Many difficulties were pressing upon the Colonists. New

England and New York were now infested by the smallpox. John Adams writes, on his return to Congress for the third time in February, 1776:

“The smallpox! The smallpox! What shall we do with it? I almost wish that an inoculating hospital was opened in every town in New England. It is some small consolation that the scoundrel savages have taken a large dose of it. They plundered the baggage and stripped off the clothes of our men, who had the smallpox out full upon them at the Cedars.”

The Third Continental Congress took up affairs with a firmer hand; the associating members were no longer afraid of themselves or of each other; they had called to council only the ablest of men. Independence became more than a murmur. It wanted but expression. Many talked and wrangled over it, and there were many lively debates on the subject. There was, however, a keen, eager young man who sat by silently while others talked, but soon his very silence grew impressive. Men's eyes began to turn towards him for here was a man to help Congress in its need—a man who could set down the people's ultimatum. His name was Thomas Jefferson.

CHAPTER V

THE WRITER OF OUR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN Patrick Henry was at the height of his glory, a tall young fellow about twenty-six years old, took his seat in the House of Burgesses. No doubt he felt himself of great importance as he sat among the law-makers, but the honor was deserved, for he was beginning to be well known as a man of exceptional ability. His name was Thomas Jefferson, and his first duty was to prepare a fitting reply to the opening speech of the Governor, Lord Botetourt, and he was much displeased that a great many of his fine phrases were scratched out by the Burgesses, who wanted plain and simple talk. On the third day of the session, the Governor dismissed the Assembly, but they reassembled at the Raleigh, and Jefferson, who had placed himself among the fighting members, found his services called upon quite frequently, for, in spite of his youth, his opinions were already firmly rooted; and in taking his seat in the House of Burgesses he was

spurred on by a deep and lasting admiration of Patrick Henry.

Jefferson was seven years younger than the famous orator, the day of his birth being April 13, 1743. His father's death, in 1757, left him practically his own master at the age of fourteen. Like Patrick Henry, he came of absolutely pure Colonial stock, and though, in later days, Jefferson often said that lineage was not essential to prove a man's worth, he was most careful to have his own pedigree investigated in the herald's office in London, and his seal and coat of arms were to be found in various corners of his Monticello estate.

His mother, of whom very little is known except that her name was Jane, and that she was a daughter of Isham Randolph, one of the rich "tobacco lords" in Virginia, is seldom mentioned in his voluminous records and his many biographies; and certainly she had no influence on the life of this young son, for he says in a letter, "At fourteen years of age, the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me."

Thomas was one of ten children, the boys as usual being overshadowed by the girls. One baby boy must have died at birth, according to the record, leaving three boys and six girls. Jef-

erson's father, Peter Jefferson, was noted for his great height and strength, and his son Thomas at least inherited his inches. As a young man, he was unusually tall and lanky, with freckled face and sandy hair, though some of his biographers call it red. Not one has even suggested that he was good-looking, though, judging from the numerous portraits of the older man, time softened and refined the angles of face and figure. Unlike his hero, Patrick Henry, Jefferson seldom spoke in the Assembly, but his cleverness in draughting contracts and resolutions soon pointed his way of usefulness. To Jefferson belongs the honor of having prepared the most important document in America's history—our Declaration of Independence—but the Virginia Colonists were, as yet, far from the solution of their problem. They were standing by, watching with deep concern the struggles of Massachusetts.

As a young man, Jefferson went much into society, but never joined the other young men of his set in gaming and drinking. Born to wealth and social position, the doors of the best society were open to him, and his early love affairs were the subject of much banter among his friends.

When he was twenty-one years of age, he celebrated the occasion, according to an old custom, by planting an avenue of trees in front of his mother's house, many of which are standing to-

day, after a lapse of a century and a half; and coming of age in those days meant the real assuming of responsibilities, which Thomas Jefferson was the last to shirk. "His form," we are told, "was as straight as a gun barrel, sinewy and alert," and we are also informed that he cultivated his strength by riding, hunting, rowing, and dancing; indeed the Virginian who could not dance was nothing more than a country bumpkin. Jefferson not only loved dancing, but was passionately fond of music, a taste he shared with Patrick Henry, who played both the flute and the violin. Jefferson played the violin, and in comparing the musical ability of these two great men, tradition tells us that "Patrick Henry was the worst fiddler in the Colony, with the exception of Thomas Jefferson."

He took to playing duets with the pretty Widow Skelton, and played himself into a real love affair at last. The lady was not only a beauty, but was the daughter of a well-to-do lawyer, who owned broad acres in estates. Mistress Martha had many suitors, and, at the time of Jefferson's wooing, three love-sick young men drew lots for the first proposal. Jefferson won the right, and the other two hung over the hedge, trying to tell, by the strains of his violin, whether he was successful or not. After listening for a while to the most joyful music, they wisely

concluded that his suit had prospered, and they walked home crestfallen. The young couple were married on New Year's Day in 1772, when Jefferson was not quite twenty-nine years old, and they went to Monticello before that now historic homestead was completed. They began life together in the midst of stirring times, for the Royal Province of Virginia was groaning under the yoke of the tyrant, and the perfidious Dunmore was driving them beyond endurance.

Jefferson soon proved himself invaluable in the councils of the "rebels," led by Patrick Henry, because of his genius for writing formal and official documents, and it was chiefly for this cause, added to his clear reasoning powers and his profound legal knowledge, that he was sent to Philadelphia as the time was drawing near for the Colonists' last word to the King of England.

Jefferson studied the law because he found it interesting; his ample fortune made him independent of clients. He was soon master of all legal points in the province, and it seemed from the moment he began to practice everybody was having law suits—for after nearly a century of extravagance the hitherto wealthy planters woke up to find that they had no money, that they were bankrupt. The planter in Jefferson's time could write his epitaph in a few words: "One century

of prosperity, three generations of spendthrifts, then a lawyer and the sheriff."

At that time farming was Virginia's only industry. The trade was chiefly tobacco, which was sent to London and exchanged for the costly elegancies of the Old World. Even Virginia's fertile soil gave out at last; slave labor became expensive; the quality of the tobacco, too, was inferior, while the price of slaves increased. The bewildered landholders looked to the law to help them out of their trouble, and Jefferson found practice enough on hand to double his income. He must have been a reliable young fellow, or perhaps it was because he was so well known in the community, for the most prominent families were his clients, and his keen observation and quick perceptions, made his opinion very valuable. His mind was stored with a wealth of legal lore, but so methodically arranged that he could always state a case with clearness and brevity. He once described a lawyer as a person who contested everything and conceded nothing and could talk by the hour. And just here Jefferson failed—not because he was diffident or self-conscious, but because of some defect in his vocal organs. After the slightest effort his voice would become husky and often inarticulate. It was probably for this reason that, when he was elected to the Continental Congress in 1775, he

gave up the practice of law, having doubled his fortune and trebled his experience in seven years' time.

The first service he rendered his country was the revision of the laws of Virginia—a stupendous task in those days when printing-presses were scarce, and copies of the old laws had to be transcribed by hand. But Jefferson proved himself equal to the task, though it was said that during the first month of the revision he proposed enough work to keep the Legislature busy for ten years. His capacity for work was enormous. Had he lived in the days of typewriting and stenography, there is no telling what he might have accomplished. One of his biggest fights in Virginia—and our young politician had many—was his attack upon the aristocracy. He was against the old law brought from England which handed over the property to the eldest son, instead of dividing equally among all the children of a family—a law which left the younger sons almost penniless and, nine times out of ten, the property went to ruin, and Virginia was held by a few decaying families. It took Jefferson three weeks to kill this law; he was finally successful but he made life-long enemies by this reform, although as he explained, his sole purpose was to destroy the aristocracy of wealth, and make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and education.

His idea of trial by jury is best expressed in his own words: "The people are not qualified to judge questions of law but they are capable of judging questions of fact. In the form of juries, therefore, they determined all matters of fact, leaving to the permanent judges to decide the law resulting from those facts."

Jefferson hated two things with all the strength of his earnest intolerant young soul. He was strongly opposed to duelling, at that period the chosen way of settling disputes, and in the Crimes Bill of the State of Virginia he suggested that duelling should be punished by death.

He also hated the slave trade and foretold the time when the institution of human slavery in a free country would bring ruin in its train. Yet in his own home he had seen nothing but the bright side of this great evil. His father drilled the negroes, as they landed, in some sort of a trade, making them good carpenters, wheelwrights, shoe-makers and farmers, while his mother and sisters took the girls and women in hand and taught them the household arts. Surely no haven could be safer for those poor, ignorant souls, but Jefferson's broad and questioning mind looked always far beyond the present, and he could not understand why the very people who were clamoring to be free and independent should not, in their turn, consider the case of

those unfortunates whom fate had thrown into their hands.

But in those earlier days, Thomas Jefferson was too young to influence the men with whom he came in contact; he was purely a Patriot drawn to the issue through his admiration of a great man. His acquaintance with Patrick Henry dated from his college days in Williamsburg, where the latter was practicing law, an impecunious, reckless fellow, full of music and humor. They soon became good friends, and when Henry's business brought him to Williamsburg which it frequently did, he often shared Jefferson's bed for lack of money to pay a hotel bill. Indeed, so little is a man a prophet in his own country that not only was Henry regarded as an "incorrigible scamp" by the neighbors, but even Jefferson who was charmed with his oratory, courage, and wit, deplored his lack of industry and learning. Yet for all that the two young men were as intimate as brothers. "It was on the fly-leaf of Jefferson's 'Coke upon Littleton' (a famous law book) that Henry wrote his famous resolutions (the Colonists' first formal act of revolt), and which led to that still more famous speech against taxation without representation, and it was from Jefferson's modest chamber that this briefless barrister went to the meeting of Burgesses in 1765."

On that occasion Jefferson accompanied his friend to the court-house, which was so crowded he was unable to secure entrance, but he stood in the doorway astounded by the eloquence and moved by the truth and sincerity of the speaker. Up to that time Jefferson had been unconvinced, but from the moment Henry began to speak he was held captive—convinced against his will. He was wont to describe this day as the most important in his life. He became a changed man, eager to take a part in the struggle. "Torrents of sublime eloquence," he said, "swept away all arguments on the other side, and the resolutions were carried, the last one by a single vote."

It was these resolutions which caused the Governor to dissolve the House of Burgesses, and thus Thomas Jefferson, after all his efforts to be elected, represented his native country exactly five days. But all the tyrannical laws of England could not quench the new-born patriotism. The next day the outraged members met and signed an address recommending the people to follow the example of Massachusetts and boycott all English manufactures; never to buy an article taxed by Parliament, excepting cheap quantities of paper, never to patronize British ships, never to use an article imported from England, that they could do without, and to save all their

lambs in order to have wool enough to furnish their own clothing.

Jefferson was one of the eighty-eight members who signed this document and were re-elected. The twelve who refused to sign were defeated at the next election and were boycotted throughout the Colony.

Jefferson was now in constant demand, and his name appears on all the committees whose business it was to rouse the people of Virginia. The young Revolutionists met at the Raleigh Tavern and instructed their Committee on Correspondence to write to the other Colonies and propose the appointment of delegates to meet in a general Congress. "It was acceded to," writes Jefferson. "Philadelphia was the place, and the 5th of September for the time of meeting."

When Jefferson went to Philadelphia as a delegate his fame as a writer and a scholar preceded him. John Adams tells us that he brought with him a "reputation for literature, science and a happy talent for composition." He already knew several languages, and "he could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, break a horse, dance a minuet and play the violin." His colleagues soon made use of his talent for composition, and the first thing he did was to prepare, for publication, a statement concerning the Battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. He

was next asked to write the proper reply to Lord North's "Conciliatory Propositions," and many other less important documents during that session.

Congress adjourned in August, but Jefferson was immediately re-elected to a seat in the next Continental Congress to meet in September. It was at this Congress that Richard Henry Lee, head of the Virginian delegation, submitted a declaration of independence from that Colony and moved a formal declaration of independence from all the Colonies. The debate on this question took up most of the session but at last Congress woke up in earnest. In June, 1776, after much debate, a committee of five gentlemen was chosen to prepare a declaration—Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Robert Livingston and Roger Sherman.

In choosing the man to write the document, Thomas Jefferson had the highest number of votes. John Adams was proposed for the duty, but he was wise enough to decline, his chief reason being that he was at that time so unpopular that anything he wrote would be too severely criticised. So Jefferson, whose gift for writing was his drawing-card, was given the commission. The famous paper was written in his rooms, in the second story of his boarding house. He lodged with a man named Graf, a bricklayer, who lived in

a three-story house on Market Street. The Philadelphians have marked the site with a tablet.

When it was presented to Congress, there was much violent debate. Jefferson sat silent through it all, conscious of his poor powers of speech, and left all the discussion to John Adams, whom he gratefully called "the Colossus" of the debate, which would have been prolonged but for a swarm of hungry flies sweeping in through the open windows, and stinging the legs of the honorable members through their silk stockings. Jefferson, himself, in telling the story, says that they were so pestered that a vote was demanded before all the gentlemen had talked it over.

The deciding vote at length rested with the state of Delaware, one representative being absent with the army. The other member, Caesar Rodney, was desperately ill at his home in Wilmington. Hearing that the vote was to be taken, he rose from what was supposed to be his death bed, and rode on horseback to Philadelphia in time to cast his vote for independence, changing, by this deed, the votes of Pennsylvania and South Carolina, which had been against it. He died shortly after. Only recently has his name been honored by the proposed erection of a tablet to his memory in Independence Hall.

The Declaration was formally adopted on July 2, 1776 (though for some reason July 4 is

always the day celebrated), amid great rejoicing, though all of the members of Congress did not sign till August. Thomas McKean, the member from Delaware who had been absent with the army, was permitted five years later to sign, by special act of Congress. When Hancock affixed his signature, which he made specially large and clear, he remarked:

"There, John Bull can read my name without his spectacles." And when he urged the members of Congress to hang together, Franklin retorted: "Yes, we must hang together, or we shall all hang separately."

So, fought and conquered these Patriots of the tongue and the pen, all heroes in their fashion. From then on, the heroes of the sword took up the fight and cut their way to victory.

CHAPTER VI

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

THERE is no doubt that we are a very great nation and that we owe our being to the patriotism of a handful of single-minded men. When George Washington was chosen Commander of the raw, undisciplined troops, called by courtesy an army, that Revolutionary Congress "buidled better than it knew," for, through the accident of this choice had been selected a real hero, one so far above the many quarrels and jealousies that had crept into Congress that it is doubtful if he ever knew that they existed.

The people loved bravery, and he was the choice of the people; therefore they loved him. He accepted their affection as a public trust, and never once did he waver in the faithful performance of his duty. Though assailed, from the moment he assumed command, by all manner of slanders and suspicions, and though Congress, in those first uncertain months, left him to meet the situation as best he could, without sufficient money, food, clothing, arms or ammuni-

tion, the devotion he inspired among his soldiers held the little army together.

Wily schemers and personal enemies soon sprang up, but Washington pursued his way undaunted, and nowhere in the history of war can we find a general who was so entirely master of himself and of his soldiers. While the Colonies were asking over and over the much debated question, "Shall we fight?" the fighting had begun, and the Battle of Lexington brought forth the "minute men" not only from "every Middlesex village and farm," but they came pouring in from New Hampshire and Connecticut, armed and determined to conquer or die.

The taking of Ticonderoga was the result of wise forethought on the part of the Boston leaders. England's first move would be, of course, to separate New England from the middle colonies, by taking possession of the Hudson River, which was a direct line to the lakes on the borders of New York and Vermont. At the head of these lakes stood Fort Ticonderoga on guard, and well garrisoned by the English. Convinced that this port was of the utmost importance, Adams and Hancock consulted with the Governor of Connecticut, and word was sent to Ethan Allen, in the Green Mountains, to prepare to seize the fort. Fifty men came from Massachusetts and Connecticut to meet Allen at Benning-

ton. Expresses were busy sending out alarms, and over a hundred men flocked to him. On May 8, the little expedition set out for the fort, headed by Ethan Allen, who was chosen commander of this handful of intrepid men. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his "Story of the Revolution," gives a most dramatic account of the assault and capture. He says:

"The night of May 9, they were near the fort and waited for the day to come. When the first faint flush of light appeared, Allen asked every man who was willing to go with him to poise his gun. Every gun was raised. Allen gave the word, and they marched to the entrance of the fort. The gate was shut, but the wicket open. The sentry snapped his fuzee and Allen, followed by his men, dashed in through the wicket, raised the Indian war-whoop, and formed on the parade covering the barracks on each side."

The Colonists were skilled imitators of the war-whoop, which the garrison must have taken for the genuine article, as it startled them into an almost immediate surrender. Lodge continues:

"There was but little resistance, and the sentries—after one or two shots—threw down their arms, while Allen strode forward toward the quarters of the commandant. As he reached the door, Delaplace appeared, undressed, and Allen demanded the surrender of the fort,

“‘By what authority?’ asked Delaplace.

“‘In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,’ answered Allen. And the fort, which had cost England so dear, was in the hands of the Americans in ten minutes.”

Other nearby points were then seized—Crown Point and the harbor of Skenesboro—thus opening a way from New York to Canada, which proved to be of great importance in the future. And more important than anything else was the capture of two hundred cannon from Ticonderoga, which later were to aid in driving the British from Boston.

In this brave little company of fighting men marched Benedict Arnold, destined to shed such light and such shadow upon the pages of our history. In the city of Boston, General Gage, the sometime Governor and now Commander of the British troops, took possession. After their experience at Concord and Lexington, the red-coats were content for a while to stay at home; the sea was still theirs, and they were daily expecting reinforcements from England. Meanwhile, the Americans, flushed with their victories at Lexington and Ticonderoga, gathered all their strength around Boston, and prepared for a siege.

They chose General Artemus Ward as commander of the forces, but the army was too disorganized to accomplish very much. They did

succeed, however, in cutting off Boston from the surrounding country, and the inhabitants, many of whom sympathized with the Colonists, left town and took refuge in the neighboring villages. The British soldiers, shut up in Boston with their food supply from the country quite cut off, suffered greatly. But the arrival of British ships with reinforcements, headed by Burgoyne, Clinton and Howe, gave them new courage. It was certainly bad generalship in Gage to allow a mere handful of straggling Americans to close in upon five thousand well-disciplined troops, and when reinforcements arrived there were five thousand more who wandered about the streets and quartered themselves on the citizens with scant ceremony.

Meanwhile, Washington had been chosen Commander-in-Chief on June 15, but so slowly did news travel through that troubled country, that no word came of it. Instead, through some secret source, the Americans, always on the watch before Boston, heard that the English were planning a sortie on June 18, intending to seize Dorchester Heights, to the south of the town. Now, the Americans, knowing their own country, rightly believed that if the enemy got possession of any of the surrounding hills, it would be impossible to get them out of Boston, and that whatever chanced, they must guard all outlets

from the city and must dare anything to keep them from the Heights. They also decided that it would be necessary to take possession of Charlestown Neck and Bunker Hill, and fortify them in order to repulse any advance of the enemy.

What they wished to do was to keep the British as much as possible prisoners in the town which they were holding; to seize a position close to their lines, and then begin fighting to prevent their making any advance movement. It was all very quietly arranged; late in the afternoon of June 16, three Massachusetts regiments, two hundred Connecticut men, and an artillery company, with two field pieces, were drawn up on Cambridge Common, to listen to the fervent prayer and receive the blessing of Samuel Langdon, President of Harvard College. Then they marched away to Charlestown, intending from there to move to Bunker Hill, and, by working all night to throw up breastworks with which to surprise the enemy in the morning.

Colonel Prescott commanded the little force, and their intrenching tools in carts brought up the rear. When they reached Charlestown Neck, they left a guard there and went on to Bunker Hill; but Breed's Hill, nearer the river, seemed a much more advantageous position, and they decided, after much discussion, to fortify there

first, and Bunker Hill afterwards. The engineer, Colonel Richard Gridley, brother of Colonel Samuel Gridley, who had charge of the artillery, a man of great experience, marked the lines for the intrenchment. General Israel Putman had left the main army at Cambridge and had ridden ahead to Charlestown Neck to be on hand and give the men what encouragement he could during their long night's work.

The tools were distributed to men far better trained in the art of handling them than they were in the art of warfare, and from twelve o'clock until six the following morning the muffled sounds of the pickaxe and the spade were all that broke the stillness. Colonel Prescott had sent a detachment of his men, under Captain Maxwell, to patrol the lower part of the town near the ferry, to watch the enemies' movements.

It was a beautiful starlit summer's night, and the men worked as if possessed. Part of them would dig in the trenches for an hour, and then would mount guard while the others took their turn. Just across the river lay Boston, girdled by a chain of sentinels, while five large men-of-war, the *Falcon*, the *Lively*, the *Somerset*, the *Glasgow* and the *Cerverus*, stood at anchor in the waters about them.

From time to time the sentry's call of "All's well" came to their strained ears and reassured them as

they bent to their labors. A little before daylight, Colonel Prescott and Major Brooks went down to the shore to reconnoitre, but the presence of the Americans on Breed's Hill had not yet been discovered. At early dawn, when the intrenchments were six feet high, the sailors on board the men-of-war first caught sight of the breastworks, and the captain of the *Lively*, without waiting for orders, fired a boardside at the American fortifications.

At sound of the guns there was commotion on the Boston shore; the camp was astir, and crowds came out to view the strange sight. The Americans had done marvelous work in so short a time, and in spite of the firing they kept steadily on, strengthening the intrenchments and making platforms of wood and earth, to stand upon while they were firing. Colonel Prescott, an able soldier, decided that his men must have this screen, for, even though they were full of patriotism, they were at best but raw militia, and the thundering noise of the cannon at such close range almost produced a panic. One private was killed by a cannon ball, and some of the men left the hill; but the bold Colonel, determined to push the work as far as possible before the enemy attacked, mounted the parapet in full gun-range of the ships, and walked leisurely around it, encouraging his men with

words of cheer and approval. The tall commanding figure stood out in bold relief against the clear blue of the summer sky, and one of his captains followed his brave example. This reassured the men, who fell to work with renewed vigor, not heeding the cannonading all around them.

"Who is that person who appears to be in command?" asked Gage, who scanned the fortifications through his glasses. Councillor Willard, who stood near, recognized his brother-in-law.

"Will he fight?" inquired Gage.

"Yes, sir, he is an old soldier and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins."

"Then," said Gage, "the works must be carried." And forthwith the British regulars were ordered on parade.

Thus began one of the most remarkable battles of the war.

The day was one of almost unbearable heat; the men were worn out with a night of hard work, and there was much suffering for lack of food and drink. Added to all these drawbacks, there was a pitifully small supply of gunpowder and few cannon; and, last but not least, behind those trenches were less than one thousand men, though of course in extremity the main army, encamped at Cambridge, could send help.

But what they lacked in numbers they made up in bravery and determination. Each man

was a volunteer, each bent on distinguishing himself by some deed of valor; while the leaders were men above reproach, fit commanders of the "minute men." Colonel William Prescott, a stalwart, seasoned soldier of many battles, was forty-nine years old when he took command that day at Breed's Hill. He was born at Groton, Massachusetts, and from the beginning of the Colonial troubles, he was on the Patriot side. He was chosen to command the regiment of "minute men," and with them, at the first alarm, he marched promptly into the Lexington fight. He was over six feet tall, with strong, intelligent features, and brown hair; like Patrick Henry, "he was bald on the top of his head and wore a tie wig. He was large and muscular but not corpulent. He was kind in disposition, plain but courteous in his manners; of a limited education—but fond of reading, never in a hurry, and cool and self-possessed in danger."

General Israel Putnam, who left the main army at Cambridge to share the perils of this most unequal battle, had led an eventful life. He was born in Salem Village—now Danvers, Massachusetts—on January 7, 1718, so he was a veteran of fifty-seven years at the Battle of Bunker Hill. When he was twenty-two years old, he joined with families from Salem, Lynn, and other towns, and they established homes in a new

colony, called Connecticut. Here Putnam bought a farm, settled, and reared a family, having married before he left Massachusetts. The fearless, vigorous, healthy boy developed into the sturdy, intrepid, pioneer farmer of Connecticut; and his subsequent life of adventure has all the interest of an exciting story. He was forest ranger, Indian fighter, hunter, soldier,—in fact he bore the marks of so many hair-breadth escapes that the account of him reads like a fable.

We first hear of him in connection with the Colonial troubles, when the Port Bill plunged Boston in such distress. He was chosen by a committee from Brooklyn Parish, Pomfret, Connecticut, to carry a letter of sympathy and encouragement, and also to bring more solid comfort,—for he drove before him on the journey a flock of one hundred and thirty sheep, also a gift of the Parish.

Friend and foe alike admired Israel Putnam. Many on both sides had been his comrades in the French and Indian War, and there was keen regret among the English officers when “Old Put”—as he was affectionately nicknamed—arrayed himself on the side of the Patriots.

He soon won his way into Washington’s closest friendship, and proved his worth and his bravery by the scars of many battles. He was a bluff, but hearty and honest old soldier, beloved by his

men, and an oracle among the farmers in Connecticut. He it was who first called them to arms, and he was, in truth, eager for the conflict long before it came. He was supposed by many to have been in command of the troops on that eventful 17th of June; but though he was in the thick of the battle, and his Connecticut men followed him valiantly, the men from other Colonies were not so willing to obey him as a general. Many state that he ordered the battle from beginning to end, but the contemporary accounts differ widely as to who was the real commander, the only certainty being that Colonel Prescott commanded the handful of men who fortified Breed's Hill, and who fought so gloriously on that never-to-be-forgotten day that saw the birth of a great army and the death of a great soldier.

No man was more needed at his post than General Joseph Warren. He had been acting as President of the Provincial Congress, assembled at Watertown, on June 16, when, on passing through Cambridge he learned that the British were about to attack the fortifications at Breed's Hill. He at once armed himself and went to Charlestown. He had just been elected Major-General, on June 14, and had decided thereafter to take a more active part in the struggle for freedom. When he arrived on the scene of

action on June 17, all were quick to recognize his authority. Putnam at once offered to receive his orders, but Warren declined to command, asking only to be placed where he could be most useful. Putnam directed him to the redoubt, explaining that there he would be better protected. But Warren replied, "Don't think I come to seek a place of safety; but tell me where the onset will be most furious."

Putnam explained that, could the redoubt be held, even the small force of Americans could save the day. So Warren passed on to the redoubt, where he was hailed with cheers by the soldiers. Here Prescott also offered him the command, but again Warren refused it, content to fight side by side with the plainest man among them. He fought bravely to the very end, and even when the retreat was ordered he was among the last to leave the redoubt. He had not gone far when a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell, dying instantly. The next day, two of his friends, Dr. Jeffries and young Winslow, afterwards General Winslow, identified his body and buried him on the spot. When the British evacuated Boston, the sacred remains were again sought for and were this time identified by Paul Revere, who, being somewhat of a dentist, recognized the wire which he had used in placing a false tooth in Warren's mouth.

All over the country his death cast its shadow. Mrs. John Adams wrote to her husband: "Not all the havoc and devastation they have made has wounded me like the death of Warren. We want him in the Senate; we want him in his profession [Warren was an excellent physician]; we want him in the field. We mourn for the citizen, the senator, the physician and the warrior." Even the British had a kind word for the dead hero. General Howe, when told that he was among the killed, declared that his loss was equal to five hundred men. Yet, after all, Warren acted as only a brave officer could, and there was not one among the many brave officers who fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill who would not have risked his life in just the same way. It seemed a strange Providence that carried off a man in the heyday of his youth and usefulness, while James Otis, whose brilliant speeches had stirred the Colonists to action, but whose shattered mind was of no more service, caught up a gun and plunged into the fight, returning to his home unhurt, the next day.

Indeed, from the moment the battle began, the Americans knew that they were fighting against great odds. The fact that the soldiers were raw and undisciplined was the least drawback. They had worked all night in the trenches; they were hungry and exhausted, when the hot June sun

shone pitilessly down upon them. They were outnumbered by many thousands, but even that would have mattered little had they been provided with sufficient gunpowder. For from their sheltered position behind the redoubt, they could pick off the British, man by man, as they came toiling up the hill, their gay uniforms making fine targets for the men in the trenches.

Prescott, knowing that his men were not in fighting condition, had sent a message to General Ward, at Cambridge, begging for reinforcements, and Putnam, since early dawn, had been urging haste; but Ward was afraid to weaken the Cambridge army, fearing the British meant to destroy their stores. The Committee of Safety was at last consulted, and Richard Devens, one of its most active members, urged that aid should be sent. So, after some delay, the New Hampshire regiments of Colonels Stark and Read were on their way to Breed's Hill; but when news was brought that, while the war-ships were bombarding in the harbor, the British troops were landing at Charlestown Neck, even Ward hesitated no longer, and sent most of his force to Charlestown where the British were already massing—a fine body of men with a brave commander at their head in the person of General Howe. They advanced a solid front to the handful of Ameri-

cans, whose officers commanded them to wait until the word was given to fire.

"Powder was scarce and must not be wasted," they cautioned, and the soldiers were given the following orders. "Fire low; aim at the waistbands; wait until you see the whites of their eyes; aim at the handsome coats; pick off the Commanders."

The pioneer life of the Americans had made them perfect marksmen, and their fire was given with such deadly effect that the British columns, which had marched forward so proudly and firmly, began to break as each separate shot reaped its harvest. Before long the regulars were in full retreat, while the Americans, elated with success, were ready to pursue them, but were held back by their officers.

General Howe, in a short time, succeeded in rallying his troops, and they went forward for another assault, firing as they marched, and this time the artillery aided their advance. The American officers ordered their men to withhold their fire until the enemy were within five or six rods of the works. In the midst of all this, Charlestown had been set on fire, partly by shells thrown from Copp's Hill and a party of marines from the *Somerset*.

It was a tumultuous day, from dawn until dark, with no rest for the combatants. The

British advanced steadily, but with tremendous loss. The Americans fought steadily, but with ever-increasing anxiety as their powder dwindled. The British moved more warily to the second assault, stepping often on the fallen bodies of their comrades; they advanced, firing, but they aimed too high and did very little damage. The enemy was silent until they came into close range, when again a sheet of flame from behind the redoubt mowed them down. Still they came bravely on; then another deadly volley—and another—and another—so continuous and rapid that the British could advance no further, though they struggled forward, many falling within a few yards of the redoubt. Then they suddenly gave way and fled in confusion.

The reinforcements were of great help to Prescott, and enabled him to send a small detachment of Connecticut troops, and the artillery under Colonel Knowlton, to oppose the enemy's right wing. Knowlton took up a position near the base of a hill, behind a stone fence. There was a rail on top, and he set his men to work on some rude fortifications. He was joined by Stark, with his New Hampshire men, who helped to strengthen their position. This fighting at the rail fence was even more deadly than storming the redoubt. Americans were, every moment, proving not only that they were no cowards but

that they were fast learning how to fight. The second repulse of the British seemed so overwhelming that the Americans began to hope they would not try a third time.

The untrained soldiers had behaved splendidly, but there was such panic in the main army at Cambridge that General Ward was unable to send Prescott all the reinforcement in men and ammunition that were needed to carry the day. The noise and din of battle, the burning of Charlestown, spread terror through the ranks where there was no real military organization. Orders were disobeyed and men straggled away from their regiments. General Putnam made heroic attempts to mass the men into fighting line, but there was much confusion, in spite of all his efforts. Military discipline was sadly needed, but more than all the present need was ammunition.

With a sinking heart, Prescott saw the British preparing for the third assault, knowing that without powder and fresh troops defeat was certain. Should the British gain the heights, it would be when their hoarded stock of powder was exhausted, and the "minute men" had hardly enough bayonets for the hand to hand fight which was bound to follow.

Not one moment did these fine fellows flinch from the task before them, while the British and

their brave commander showed equal courage. Hitherto, they had rather sneered at the notion that a handful of raw militia could do them harm. Now with their dead comrades strewn about them, they had learned to respect their enemy. General Clinton now joined Howe as a volunteer, and helped him to marshal the reluctant troupes for the third assault. This time the men laid aside their knapsacks and reserved their fire. They marched direct to the redoubt, the wings of the little army closing in on that point of attack, their artillery being placed in a position to do the most damage to the breastwork.

This it was which gave the day to the British. Prescott saw the whole movement; facing sure defeat, and perhaps death, he gave his orders coolly. Most of his men had only one round of ammunition; the best provided had no more than three rounds, and they were directed to reserve fire until the British were within twenty yards. Then they began to fire upon the columns; for a moment, they wavered, then they sprang forward without returning the volley. Then the powder of the Americans gave out, the firing slackened, the British gained the parapet. One of their soldiers shouting, "The day is ours!" was shot down with all in the front ranks. A cannon cartridge was used to furnish powder for

the last muskets that were fired. Then the defenders fought with stones.

The redoubt was successfully scaled, and the hand to hand fighting had begun, when Prescott ordered a retreat. The scene of carnage then began. Prescott was among the last to leave; he used his sword in cutting his way through the British ranks, and escaped unhurt. The British, with cheers, took possession of the works, and began firing on the retreating troops. It was then that Warren was killed, Gridley was wounded; and the heroic Colonel Gardner, leading a part of his regiment from Bunker Hill, received his mortal wound. The Americans paid the death-toll in this retreat, but even in their moment of victory the British loss was tremendous.

The defenders at the rail fence, seeing the retreat from Breed's Hill, began to fall back in wonderful order, considering the lack of discipline. A place of great slaughter was the brow of Bunker Hill, whither the retreating Americans were flying. General Putnam, regardless of danger, rode among the men, urging them to renew the fight in the unfinished works; and he stood by an artillery piece until the enemy's bayonets were almost upon him. The officers all behaved like heroes, but they could not stem the tide of retreat. These were not cowards who were flying, but stalwart men who, having

fought gloriously, did not stay to be butchered, but hastened to join the main army at Cambridge, eager to preserve their lives in order to offer them up upon some other altar of sacrifice for their country.

Never was an army so cast down by victory as the remnant of the brave troops who re-entered Boston; there was mourning throughout the town, for the flower of the little invading army had been mercilessly cut off.

Bunker Hill was a bitter, though a wholesome, lesson to the Americans; they learned from it their strength and their weakness. They learned that mere men, no matter how heroic, need something more than herosim in warfare. The true soldier, no matter what his personality, needs a commander who can insist on the strict and rigid obedience of an automaton.

The "minute men," with their reckless bravery had set a match to the flame of rebellion. Now was needed the wise, cool head, and firm hand to keep a rein upon this too brilliant glow of patriotism.

CHAPTER VII

OUR FOREIGN ALLIES

HISTORY tells us that we Americans owe our independence to Washington and his brave soldiers, to the Continental Congress and its patriotic leaders, and to the timely aid of our foreign allies. Very true, as far as it goes, but back of all this stood two men upon whom the burden fell the heaviest, who never failed us in our time of need. One of these was Robert Morris, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and the other was Monsieur Caron Beaumarchais, of France, who, though of humble origin, had risen to high rank in the Court of Louis XV. Through numerous adventures he had become a man of great wealth, and, having both a musical and a literary taste, he proved a great favorite. The American Revolution, from the beginning, interested him keenly, and when Silas Deane and his two associates, Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, came to Paris, he met them more than half-way in his offers of help. He not only aided them in their appeal to the French Government, but from his own pocket

provided what was lacking in funds, and opened a sort of a store in Paris, where, under the Spanish name of Roderique Hortalez & Co., he could secretly sell to the Americans, on credit, the supplies they could not obtain in England or elsewhere.

Everything that money could buy in America for furthering the war was supplied by Robert Morris, and so high was his standing as a merchant that the Committee of Safety left much in his hands. He procured powder and arms and medicines; he was banker for the committee, and often advanced money to them. How Washington could have kept his army together without regular pay would have been the direst problem of the Revolution, had it not been that Robert Morris's purse was always open at his call. Morris's business firm was the well-known one of Willing & Morris, and both partners were members of the Continental Congress of 1775, though neither was in favor of independence, for the majority of Pennsylvanians did not wish to cut loose from England.

However, when England determined to employ the aid of mercenary troops, even the most hopeful could see that unless the Colonies, too, asked aid from outside, their cause would be lost. There was much excitement when it was rumored that France and Spain were to be approached, for

these countries had always been enemies to the English Colonists. France was the first to make overtures; they sent over secretly an agent of Vergennes, then French Minister of State. He was Monsieur Bouvouloir, "a lame, elderly gentleman, of dignified and military bearing," and much courted by what was known as the "Secret Committee" of Philadelphia, but he was careful to promise nothing to the Americans, forcing them to send over their agent to France.

It was Morris who suggested Silas Deane of Connecticut for the mission, perhaps because he could "read and understand the French language tolerably well"—perhaps because he was rich enough to make considerable show, and was an experienced merchant. At any rate, though he made many mistakes, he did succeed in convincing the French that the Americans were in earnest. Beaumarchais had already secretly secured quantities of ammunition, clothing, and tents for 25,000 men. He also provided three vessels to carry these supplies, but they were chased by British privateers and never reached Portsmouth, New Hampshire, until early in 1777. Beaumarchais made Deane interview all the soldiers of fortune and adventurers who were eager to enlist in the cause. Conspicuous among these were two names forever linked with American liberty; one was Frederick William Augustus

Henry Ferdinand Von Steuben, familiarly known as Baron Von Steuben, and the other was Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert Dunnotier de Lafayette, commonly called Marquis de Lafayette, and as such, known and loved by the American people.

Baron Von Steuben was of German origin, a soldier of fortune, who, having fought bravely under Frederick II of Prussia, better known as Frederick the Great, determined when the wars were over to spend a well-earned holiday in travel. It was in the service of Frederick the Great that he learned so thoroughly those military tactics and infantry management which were to prove so valuable in later years.

In April, 1777, Steuben decided to visit some English friends, and going by way of Paris he stopped to meet many old friends there, among them the Count de St. Germain, the French Minister of War. The Count asked him, instead of paying him a public visit at Versailles, to meet him privately at the Paris Arsenal in three days' time; he wished to see him on a matter of great importance. Steuben, little dreaming that this meant another change in his eventful life, was on hand promptly to keep the mysterious appointment.

Arriving in Paris on May 2, 1777, he went at once to see Count de St. Germain, and was con-

ducted to a private room where the Count, after a friendly greeting, spread out a map of America, exclaiming, "Here is your field of battle. Here is a Republic which you must serve. You are the very man she needs at this moment. If you succeed, your fortune is made and you will acquire more glory than you could hope for in Europe for many years to come."

St. Germain then explained fully America's need for a well disciplined army, above everything else, and that, even among the number of officers who had already sailed from France, there was not one fitted for such a task. Indeed, unless the army could be practically made over, all the help in the world would not bring the Americans success.

Naturally, Steuben hesitated; he was no adventurer. He had a great reputation and a small but sufficient income; there was no need for him to engage in what looked like a desperate enterprise. He was, besides, not familiar with the English language, and knew nothing about the quality of the soldiers he would have to train. In much perplexity, he asked the Count for his advice, and received this reply from the wily courtier: "Sir, as a Minister, I have no advice to give you on these subjects; but as your friend, I would never advise you to do anything which I

would not do myself were I not employed in the King's service."

Steuben decided to postpone his trip to England, and the next day St. Germain gave him a letter to Beaumarchais, who in turn introduced him to Silas Deane and Benjamin Franklin, the two agents then in France. His interview with these gentlemen was far from satisfactory, and Steuben was very much irritated when he reported the result of the conference to Beaumarchais, who offered to defray all expenses, if that was the stumbling-block. Steuben did not like Franklin's manner, and complained of being addressed in terms to which he "was then little accustomed." He decided to go back to Germany, but Germain begged him to remain a couple of days at Versailles to meet his old friend Prince de Montbarey at dinner; they were joined later by the Spanish ambassador, Count de Aranda, and Germain introduced Steuben, with the remark, "Here is a man who will risk nothing; consequently he will gain nothing."

About this time the French interest in America was almost feverish. Arthur Lee, of Virginia, the third secret agent sent over by the Colonies, had represented rather forcibly to France that if no help came from that direction, and they were forced to submit to England, the Americans would lose no time in assisting the Mother Coun-

try to harass and subdue her old enemy. Of course this threat was hidden beneath very fine language, and perhaps the zealous agent did not mean all that he said in his note, but it effectually stirred the French to action, for they had met the Colonists before in many fights. Spain was as anxious as France to see England beaten. That country had a private grudge of its own, ever since the destruction of the Great Armada, two hundred years before, and the more recent capture of Gibraltar, in 1704.

France, however, was really in sympathy with Americans; their cry for freedom was the forerunner of her own terrible Revolution; while Spain had only her own interests at heart and cared for no other nation. Among all these clever and determined schemers, Steuben was at length persuaded to consider the American project, finally resolving to cast in his lot with the fighting Colonies. He asked of the Commissioners only the proper letters of introduction to the right people—Washington, Samuel Adams, Laurens, then President of Congress, Robert Morris and other prominent men. He wished to enter the American army simply as a volunteer, and France, or rather Beaumarchais, defrayed all of his expenses.

Later, Beaumarchais wrote to his nephew, Monsieur de Francy, who accompanied Baron

Von Steuben and his French suite to America: "I congratulate myself . . . on having given so great an officer to my friends the 'free men,' and having in a certain way forced him to follow his noble career. I am in no way uneasy about the money I lent him to start with. Never did I make so agreeable use of capital, for I have put a man of honor in his true place. I hear that he is the Inspector-General of all the American troops. Bravo! Tell him that his glory is the interest of my money, and that I do not doubt that on these terms he will pay me with usury."

These few lines tell the story of Steuben's work, but the incidents connected with that work would fill a volume. Yet, without Washington's hearty assistance, Steuben, as a foreigner, would have been powerless. These two great men became at once the closest of friends, each being quick to recognize in the other those qualities which would best serve the country in her struggle.

Steuben sailed for America from Marseilles, on September 26, 1777, on the French twenty-four gun ship *Heureux*, which had been altered and the name changed to *Flamand*. It was laden with a quantity of military stores for the needy soldiers, and the Baron's party included Peter S. Duponceau, his secretary and interpreter, and his aides, all French soldiers of fortune; he was to be received in America under the title of General.

After many adventures, the *Flamand* reached the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on December 1, 1777. Duponceau writes: "It was a clear, fine day. Nature had put on her gaudiest attire, no doubt to receive us."

Steuben's biographer, knowing the New England coast, doubts the "gaudy attire" of Nature; but there was no doubt whatever about the "gaudy attire" of Steuben and his suite, who were all arrayed in red coats, with blue trimmings, it having been understood that the Americans had adopted the British uniform; so, on their arrival they were at first taken for enemies. The mistake was rectified, however, in a short while, and Steuben, stopping on the way, went by slow stages to Valley Forge, where Washington and his army were encamped for the Winter, arriving there on February 23, 1778.

Here he found the undaunted Commander-in-Chief holding together, through the force of his will, the half-starved, scantily clad army which had dwindled from 17,000 to 5,000 men; such were the hardships of that cruel Winter. Steuben could not have taken hold at a better time, for, even among the officers mutiny was brewing, and Washington, in his need, was glad to have a man like Baron Von Steuben—a soldier above reproach—at his right hand in this time of trouble.

Steuben, meanwhile, was welcomed at Valley Forge as one of Washington's "military family," and added much to the company assembled there. Among them were many foreign volunteers like himself, including Pulaski and Kosciusko, eager to fight for liberty, and as such honored with the respect and confidence of the great Commander. Steuben found these associates ready to help him in his work of reconstruction, but looked to General Nathanael Greene, above all, for real practical assistance.

His ignorance of the English language was a great drawback to him at first, but his faithful secretary and interpreter made the way easy for him. Indeed, it did not require words, but a nod, a look, an imperative gesture, a decisive stamp of the booted and spurred foot, to convince the American troops that the foreign General knew what he was doing, and meant what he said. Steuben's work in the army has passed into history, but only those who lived with him through those times could realize the difficulties which surrounded him at the very outset. Had Washington been a man of small mind, Steuben could never have accomplished what he did. As it was, he was able to get the poor bedraggled army into some sort of shape, even during that hard Winter at Valley Forge.

At first he went at the work with the feelings of a stranger, but after a while the justice of the American cause appealed to his patriotism, and presently he cast himself, heart and soul, into the struggle, and rendered the country gallant service in the field. To tell the story of Steuben's labors would be to give the history of the Revolution, which is not our purpose. History records the great battles, the marching and counter-marching, the victories and defeats; we are only touching lightly on the deeds of those men who made it possible for us to become a great nation, and we find it hard to brush aside the many incidents with which these men's lives were filled. But one anecdote in Steuben's career is worth repeating.

Three years after he had cast in his lot with the Americans, Benedict Arnold's treason rang through the army, and when the unfortunate Major André was caught, tried, and executed as a spy, in Steuben's mind arose a feeling of horror and loathing for Arnold, the coward, whose flight left André alone to bear the penalty. One day, at roll call, when the Baron was inspecting the troops, a fine-looking young soldier answered to the name of Arnold, a name detested by Steuben. He sent for the man after the inspection, and said to him: "You are too fine a soldier to bear the name of a traitor; change it at once."

"What name shall I take?" replied Arnold. "Any that you please; take mine if you cannot suit yourself better,—mine is at your service."

Arnold at once agreed, and, thereafter, the name of Jonathan Steuben appeared on the company roll. After the war, the name became his legally. When he settled in his home in Connecticut, married, and wrote the Baron of the birth of a fine boy, whom he had christened Frederick William, Steuben promised that, when his namesake was twenty-one, he would give him a farm; and, though the great soldier was dead when the time arrived, the promise was remembered by those who had charge of his estate; the fifty acres of land the young man received were held in the family for many generations.

Steuben, during his years of service, would accept no pay as a soldier, but when peace was declared, and he found himself a beloved and honored citizen of the New Republic, Congress set about providing a handsome amount as a testimonial to the man and his great work, besides giving him a grant of land in the northwest. Many spots have been named in his honor, but the flourishing town of Steubenville, Ohio, is the most lasting memorial.

Equally beloved, yet perhaps with a little more of the romantic halo about it, is the name of Lafayette, for very much against the will of his

rich and powerful relatives this young Frenchman ran away from ease and luxury and a happy home to offer his services as a volunteer to General Washington, who was the hero of his dreams.

Six weeks before the little French Marquis was born, the brave Monseigneur, his father, was killed in the Battle of Hastenback, during what was known in Europe as the Seven Years War,—the same war which was waged in America under the name of the French and Indian War, a war in which the young soldier, George Washington, won his spurs, while as yet little Lafayette lay in his ancestral cradle, not caring how the tide of battle turned.

He lived with his mother, his grandmother and his aunts, in the manor-house of Chavaniac, in the Auvergne Mountains, and grew into a shy, plain, awkward boy, with a hook-nose, red hair, and a retreating forehead. But his bright eyes and his face full of intelligence redeemed him from downright ugliness. The Lafayettes of Chavaniac were too poor, when the boy was little, to live at Court, so he was country-bred until he was eleven, when some influential relatives offered to advance money for his education as a gentleman in Paris. He was sent to the College du Plessis, where he was taught all the things a young gentleman should know—"to express himself elegantly, handle his sword gracefully,

dance delightfully, and offer his arm to a lady as gallantly as he could pick up her fan."

When he was thirteen, his mother died, also a rich great-uncle who left him all his wealth; and the young fellow found himself much courted by "Mamans" with marriageable daughters, for marriages were made very early in those times. The young girl selected by the boy's guardians and relatives as his future wife was Marie Adrienne Françoise de Noailles, a daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, and the young Marquis lived in the house of his future father-in-law until he married his pretty fourteen-year-old fiancée, when he himself was sixteen. The marriage, which took place in April, 1774, proved a very happy one.

The young couple participated much in the Court frolics of Marie Antoinette, though Lafayette often got himself into trouble by mimicking the high Court dignitaries. For in truth the boy had no use for the splendor of masks and fêtes. He had heard of a new-born nation across the seas which was struggling for independence, and he often shook his powdered head over the money the extravagant young Queen wasted on her entertainments, wondering if it could not be better spent in helping these hard-pressed Patriots in America.

The news of the conflict over there stirred his blood, which was of fighting quality, both from

education and inheritance, and he made up his mind to cast in his lot with the Colonists, hoping some day to clasp the hand of the brave Washington, and win renown by fighting at his side. Lafayette was only nineteen when this idea became a fixed resolve. He had scant sympathy from those to whom he confided his project, but his young wife had faith in him and shared his enthusiasm, though it would mean for her a weary time of separation.

Lafayette was rich, he was influential; his rank had given him military training, and there was every reason that the services of one so young and ardent would be a boon to the Colonies. He first sought the active help of two young friends; one, a brother of his wife, Viscount Louis Marie de Noailles, and the other, the Count de Segur. The three did much secret plotting, for the two others, fired by Lafayette's enthusiasm, were eager to join in the enterprise.

Of course these three boys—they were little more—knew nothing of the American people; they were regarded in the aristocratic circles as little better than peasants; and Lafayette got further information from the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of King George of England at that time visiting Paris because he happened to be in disfavor at the English Court. The Duke had an idea that only the American "peasants" were

fighting for freedom; that the "gentlemen" were all loyal to the King. Indeed, that was the idea of most Europeans until they went over to see for themselves.

"They are poor," said the Duke; "they are ill-fed, they have no gentlemen soldiers to show them how to fight, and the King, my brother, is determined to bring them into subjection by harsh and forcible methods, if need be. . . . If but the Americans were well led, I should say the rebellion might really develop into a serious affair."

Such was the opinion, in far countries, of George Washington, whose heroic efforts were all that held the army together. It was even whispered in France, probably through the American agent, Silas Deane, that a new Commander-in-Chief might be acceptable to Congress, and the Count de Broglie, Commander of the garrison at Metz, where Lafayette and other young noblemen had received their military training, was hinted at for the position.

The Prime Minister of France, hearing that many young French nobles were planning to take up the American cause, promptly set his foot down on anything of the kind, especially on the schemes of the three young conspirators, Lafayette, Noailles and Segur. So they had to work secretly and depend upon Lafayette, he being the

only one of the trio who had any money, and money was sorely needed to carry out any such purpose.

Lafayette finally appealed to the Count de Broglie himself, his former commander at Metz, his own and his father's friend, and although at first the Count flouted the idea, he at last consented to help him. De Broglie introduced him to Baron de Kalb, a veteran Bavarian soldier, who afterwards proved a brave and efficient leader in the American Revolution.

He had been in America many years before, when the trouble between the Mother Country and the Colonies was first brewing, and now de Broglie, fired by Lafayette's enthusiasm, requested de Kalb to go again to America to confer with Congress, and find out how the land lay for a successor to George Washington. De Kalb, it seems, knew Silas Deane, and through him Lafayette was introduced to the American commissioner, who was so much impressed with the young Marquis that he then and there drew up a contract appointing him Major-General in the American Army, at the age of nineteen.

Deane's message to Congress ran as follows:

"His [Lafayette's] high birth, his alliances, the great dignities which his family holds at this Court, his considerable estates in this realm, his personal merit, his reputation, his disinterested-

ness, and above all his zeal for the liberty of our provinces, are such as have only been able to engage me to promise him the rank of Major-General in the name of the United States. In witness of which I have signed the present, this seventh of December, 1776. Silas Deane, Agent for the United States of America."

We see by this that the Colonies of England no longer existed; the United States were born on July 4, 1776, and were recognized as separate states by France soon after.

Lafayette had now to encounter only the strong resistance of his father-in-law and the French Court. His two friends, however, could not go with him; they could not obtain the necessary money from their fathers, nor permission from the King, so they had to give up their dreams of glory. But Lafayette was determined, though his father-in-law persuaded the King to forbid any officer of his to go to America, and the triumphant Duke d'Ayen advised his son-in-law to return to his regiment at Metz. But the young Marquis replied: "No Lafayette was ever known to turn back," and he immediately had inscribed on his coat-of-arms, "cur non?"—"Why not?"—used by some great ancestor, using it, so he declared, "as an encouragement and a response."

After this, Lafayette met Benjamin Franklin, and completely won the heart of the old diplomat

by his offer to buy a ship and carry over officers and supplies to America.

At last, after much playing at hide-and-seek—during which time he went over to England and had such a fine visit at the English Court that his anxious relatives concluded he had given up his “wild scheme”—he managed to slip back into Paris, where he hid for three days. Then he slipped away again, with Baron de Kalb, to Bordeaux, where the ship *Victory*, which he had bought and provisioned, was waiting to take them to America. But when the ship had sailed as far as the French border, in the Bay of Biscay, Lafayette found papers ordering him home. They would have had no weight with him had not his clever father-in-law alarmed him as to the state of his wife’s health. So he hurried back to Bordeaux, leaving the *Victory* and his comrades.

Baron de Kalb was quite disgusted, thinking the young Marquis had backed out, but he was mistaken. When Lafayette reached Bordeaux, he heard that the reports about his wife’s health were false; so with all speed he hurried back to the Spanish port where the *Victory* still lay, and, after many hairbreadth adventures and escapes, succeeded in reaching his ship and sailing for America without any more hindrance, on April 17, 1777. As one of Lafayette’s most interesting biographers tells us: “In spite of all, the ex-

pedition was off; in spite of his father-in-law, and in spite of the King of France, the young Marquis had run away to sea."

He had some difficulty in persuading Captain Laboucier, the master of the ship, to steer for the Carolinas, instead of the West Indian port, for which the ship's papers were made out. At first the Captain refused point-blank, but Lafayette, who was really the owner of the ship, threatened to deprive him of his command; at which the Captain confessed that he had cargo on board intended for the West Indies, and if the English captured and searched the vessel, or some of their cruisers destroyed it, he would lose heavily.

Lafayette promised to make good whatever loss he had, "but he made a secret agreement with Captain de Bedaulx, a deserting Dutch officer from the English army, that he and this Captain de Bedaulx would blow up the *Victory* rather than surrender her." This settled, he went below and was desperately seasick for two weeks.

The account of Lafayette's arrival in America, and all the subsequent events, is stranger than fiction, and much more interesting than many stories. He and his companions were not received with acclamations; the volunteers in the American army usually counted their services too high, and both Congress and Washington grew

somewhat impatient at their demands; so that when Lafayette, De Kalb, and Monsieur Price reached Philadelphia from "Charles's Town" [Charleston, South Carolina], where they landed, and went to Independence Hall to interview President John Hancock, of the Congress, they were received very curtly, with scarcely a word of welcome, and were referred to Gouverneur Morris, the chairman of the committee, who had such matters in charge. Mr. Morris, with scant courtesy, passed them on to Mr. Lovell, who treated them like a set of adventurers, and would promise them nothing.

De Kalb and Price were most indignant, and wanted to turn back, but Lafayette was undaunted. "If the Congress will not accept me as Major-General," he said, "I will fight for American liberty as a volunteer." And he forthwith wrote a straightforward letter to Hancock, explaining the situation and asking but two favors of Congress, "First, that I serve without pay and at my own expense; and the other, that I be allowed to serve at first as a volunteer."

This turned the scale in his favor. He had another interview with a more courteous member of Congress, and, on July 31, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, the Marquis de Lafayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty, in which

the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections, and at his own expense come over to offer his services to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause, therefore Resolved, that his services be accepted, and, that in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family, and connections, he have the rank and commission of Major-General in the Army of the United States."

Lafayette did not forget his two friends; his persistent efforts in Congress to have them also placed in the army were soon successful, Baron de Kalb securing a Major-General's commission, but he soon found that a new Commander-in-Chief was not desired by the Americans. They wished no better man than George Washington.

Lafayette expressed to Hancock the desire to serve "near the person of General Washington until such a time as he may think proper to entrust me with a division of the army."

Then began the brilliant career which history has immortalized. The little Frenchman's figure grows heroic when we read of his retreat across the Schuylkill, his cavalry charge at Monmouth, and his brave work at the siege of Yorktown. Washington, who loved to gather the young soldiers about him, adored this ardent young Frenchman, whom he treated as his own son.

There were two other foreigners, Polish gentlemen of high repute, who joined the great Commander's military family, and added much glory to the cause of liberty. Their names were Thaddeus Kosciusko, and Casimir Pulaski, both patriots in their own country and therefore eager to lend their aid in righting the wrongs of other nations. Like Lafayette, they offered their services with no thought of payment, and Washington placed the highest confidence in their honor and ability.

The history of Thaddeus Kosciusko is the history of Poland, for whom he would gladly have laid down his life. His oppressed country weighed upon his great soul, and wherever in other countries there existed oppression and cruelty, there went the Polish patriot to fight injustice. He was quite a young man when the trouble arose between England and her Colonies. He had already won a name at the military school in Warsaw, from which he had recently graduated with great honor, after which he had travelled in western Europe for five years, lingering longest in France, in order to study military tactics in which that country excelled. After his return to his own distracted country, he took up arms in her defense and was made a captain of artillery. In his spare moments, he became the tutor of a beautiful Polish lady to whom he gave lessons

in drawing and history, and with whom he fell desperately in love; she returned his affection in the face of much opposition, for he was a poor young student and she was a great lady, but the course of true love did not run smooth; the fair Ludwika Sosnowska's irate father spirited the maiden away as soon as he heard of what was going on, and the lovers thus parted never met again. The despairing young lover determined to leave his country and seek military service in France and it was while in Paris that he heard of America's struggle for independence and also that such experienced help as his would be worth its weight in gold. So he, like Lafayette, obtained letters of introduction to all the known leaders of the Patriot army, and in the summer of 1776 he reached the American camp.

"I have come over to fight as a volunteer for American independence," he announced when Washington questioned him. "What can you do?" asked the great commander. "Try me," was the answer, and for eight long years we did try him while he fought side by side with Lafayette, De Kalb, Steuben, Rochambeau and several other well-known foreigners. His engineering knowledge was of great service in fort-building, the science of which he taught the army, and he began his services as Colonel of engineers and a member of Washington's staff. He it was who

planned Gates's fortified camp at Bemis Heights, and he was the chief engineer in the work at West Point. His greatest service, however, was to General Greene during his southern campaign, and he was one of the chief actors during the siege of Yorktown. Congress gave him a vote of thanks and made him a Brigadier-General, and the new Nation showed its appreciation in many ways.

After we had no further need of his services Kosciusko returned to Poland where, shortly after, he was made a prisoner and kept in a dungeon for two years, by his Russian captors. He visited America some time after his release, and was received with popular enthusiasm, and, while in 1797 there were no more battles to fight for the United States of America, he knew enough of state-craft and diplomacy to guide our government in its relations with Europe. His sympathy, always exerted to the cause of freedom, naturally turned to the negro slaves in America, and he found a kindred spirit in Thomas Jefferson who thought as he did, and between these two sincere and ardent Patriots a lasting friendship was cemented. Kosciusko, who was a fine artist, made a pastel of his American friend, which he declared was the best piece of work he had ever done.

Our country has honored his memory in many ways, though we have but few real monuments of this Polish hero. Indeed, his greatest monument is our military stronghold at West Point—a triumph, in those early days, of his engineering skill. On this second visit to America Congress gave him a grant of land and a pension which he left by will to Jefferson to be used in purchasing slaves and giving them their liberty.

He fought hard to save Poland, but he failed, and, broken in health after a long illness, he retired to a little farm in Switzerland where two years later he died.

Kosciusko, though not a Polish noble, came of fine old stock and was the hero of Miss Jane Porter's romance, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," which enjoyed a wide popularity which must have greatly pleased this fine old soldier.

Casimir Pulaski was a Count in his own right, and America's debt of gratitude could never be cancelled to this hero who laid down his life in her cause. In 1778, he raised and organized a corps of sixty-eight light horse and two hundred foot. "This was known as Pulaski's Legion and was recruited chiefly in Pennsylvania and Maryland."

A very beautiful banner was presented to this regiment by the Moravian Sisters of Bethlehem as a token of their gratitude for the protection the

chivalrous Pole and his company had been to them, surrounded as they were by rough and uncouth soldiers. Another story runs, that General Pulaski had heard of their beautiful embroidery and had ordered them to make the banner.

Pulaski distinguished himself in the southern campaign under General Greene and fell mortally wounded before Savannah, Georgia, in the Autumn of 1779, when things were looking very black for the sorely pressed Continentals. Paul Bentalou, one of his captains, carried him aboard the United States brig *Wasp* where he died—and his mourning comrades buried him at sea.

“Kosciusko and Pulaski were two heroic souls whose names are perpetuated in many counties, cities and streets throughout the country”—thus writes an ardent admirer of both Patriots, and Washington kept close to his person this handful of loyal soldiers from strange lands. De Kalb, Pulaski, Kosciusko, Steuben and Lafayette fill many glorious pages in the history of the Revolution. There were others, too, who fought bravely and dyed our battle-fields with their blood, but these five names stand out upon our roll of honor. Without them, America might have fought for liberty—and failed.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SHADOWS OF THE REVOLUTION

THE story of the Revolution told to-day by able historians is a fascinating study of the American people. How easily one's imagination can step backward, and how wonderfully vivid are pictures of over one hundred and thirty years ago, thrown out upon the magic-lantern screen of time. How the lines are softened! How nobly this or that commanding officer stands forth at the head of his army; how plainly the whole conflict spreads out before us! How simple it all seems as we sit in our beautiful libraries with books and maps spread out before us, and trace the lines of battle as Washington pursued the British host after the evacuation of Boston, fighting for the Hudson, inch by inch, to the very gates of New York.

Clever artists have shown us wonderfully inspiring pictures, such as the reading of the Declaration of Independence to Washington's troops in New York City, where they stood up in martial and festive array, in what is now City Hall Park. Old St. Paul's is in the background,

and the solid front of neatly dressed Continentals, faced by General Washington on his white horse, the centre of a group of gallant officers, gives no hint of the motley army that was probably huddled behind. And when, in another picture, we see the sturdy Patriots of New York celebrating the Declaration, by pulling down the leaden statue of King George, which later they melted into bullets for the American soldiers, we, too, are fired with the echoes of that patriotism which stirred our fighting ancestors.

In the din of battle the voices of the high-minded men who lighted the torch of revolt could scarcely be heard. Congress was now in the hands of men with more selfish aims, who, while still expressing the most patriotic devotion to their country, were privately scheming for themselves and their friends. It is an unfailing fact that the man who stands first in the public eye, is the man with whom the public first finds fault. Concerning General Washington, there had been murmurs of dissatisfaction from the moment he took command of the Continental Army. He had never sought the position, and he was over-modest concerning his ability.

"Take away for an instant," wrote Lafayette to Washington, "that modest diffidence of yourself (which, pardon my freedom, my dear Gen-

eral, is sometimes too great; and I wish you could know as well as myself what difference there is between you and any other man) and you would see very plainly that, if you were lost for America, there is no one who could keep the army and the revolution for six months."

It was no doubt this very evident truth which held Washington calmly at his post during all those months of uncertain campaigning, when the Americans had to feel their way from one position to the other. If he heard the murmurs of Congress, he held his peace, even when John Adams, the very man who had suggested his name as Commander-in-Chief, complained loudly of his many apparent failures and Gates's successes—the only achievement of the latter being that circumstances had been so arranged for him that he could not prevent the surrender of Burgoyne after the Battle of Saratoga. General Schuyler had prepared the way, had placed his regiments, had arranged the order of battle; then Congress, suddenly and unjustly transferred his command to Gates, when victory was already more than half won.

Because Washington refused to take rash chances which would unnecessarily expose his untried army, he was pronounced, by many, incapable of conducting the war. General Charles Lee did all he could to strengthen the feeling

against his Chief, and was one of the ringleaders of a conspiracy known as the "Conway Cabal," whose chief object was to force Washington from his command. Thomas Conway, born in Ireland but educated in France, had come over with a set of French adventurers, and had wormed himself into favor with Congress, which appointed him Inspector-General of the army. This was some time before Baron Steuben was sent for. But Conway had no thought of bettering the army; his one idea was to help himself, and this he did by stirring the discontented young French officers to rebellion. When Lafayette came among them and won the warm affection of his Commander, they tried to use him as a catpaw. When they found, however, that the young Marquis stood loyally by Washington, these "hungry adventurers" influenced Congress to order the invasion of Canada and give the command to Lafayette, hoping in that way to separate him from the influence of the Commander-in-Chief. But Lafayette, suspecting mischief, refused to lead, except under Washington's orders, and with De Kalb as second in command. This upset all the plans of the conspirators, as Lafayette laid the case before Congress, which yielded to his demands.

One of Conway's letters to Gates, in which he spoke of "a weak general and bad counsellors,"

came to Washington's knowledge, and, with this piece of evidence in his hand, the Commander-in-Chief was not backward in making both Conway and Gates most uncomfortable. Conway, after vainly trying to apologize, finally resigned. Gates, too, tried to get out of all responsibility, but Washington pursued him about the letter from Conway, keeping him twisting and turning all the winter.

The Conway party was still very strong, and influenced Congress to appoint a new War Board, with Gates and Thomas Mifflin, another enemy of Washington, at the head of it. This Board appointed Conway Inspector-General, with the title of Major-General—an appointment which Washington some time before had refused to recommend, because "Conway's merit and importance existed more in his own imagination than in reality." By this appointment Congress hoped to make Washington resign, but they were disappointed; he was not a man to enter lightly into a great struggle, and, as long as he felt sure he was in the right, nothing could move him.

When Conway came to camp as Major-General, Washington treated him with coldness and indifference, and, finding that no slight or insult had the slightest effect on him, the new War Board began quarreling among themselves.

Gates was sent to his command, and Conway, resigning in a rage, was taken at his word; he then fought a duel with General Cadwalader, a friend of Washington, was badly wounded, wrote a contrite note to the Commander-in-Chief, and, on recovering, left the country. So ended the "Conway Cabal," and little by little the powers that controlled Congress began to understand the true genius of their leader, who had no other thought than his country's welfare in his Patriot heart, and who served that sometimes ungrateful country for eight years without a cent of pay.

Of Gates's treachery, Washington was never quite sure, but of General Charles Lee's double dealing there was no room for doubt; his many questionable deeds have cast their own shadow on the pages of history. He was a jealous, intriguing adventurer, born in England in 1731; he was in no way related to the Virginia Lees. After a life of varied experience as a soldier of fortune—both at home and abroad—he came to America, in 1773, and took up the cause of the Colonies, not because he was particularly interested in the Americans but because he had a grudge against England.

It seems strange that both Lee and Gates should have been English adventurers who joined the American struggle because the Mother Country had not given them what they wished

in the way of military promotion. They both purchased estates in Virginia at a time when matters in the Colony were reaching a climax, and both were frequent visitors at Washington's home, where the leading Patriots often met to discuss public affairs. Gates never really proved himself a villain, but Lee, from the very first, kept in touch with the British authorities, even when he assumed the duties of Major-General at the siege of Boston. This irritated the Massachusetts Congress, and Lee, finding things unpleasant, asked to be assigned to a separate command.

Washington, true leader of men, early discovered that Lee was both "violent and fickle," and, as time went on, he proved the most dangerous man in the army. For, as he carried a permanent chip on his own shoulder, he was always sowing discontent among others. On one occasion, while events were crowding on New Jersey, Lee spent a night at a tavern a few miles from Morristown, and, while there wrote a confidential letter to Gates, severely criticising "a certain great man." He had just finished, when thirty British soldiers surrounded the house and they carried him off in his dressing-gown and slippers.

At heart a coward, he was mortally afraid of being treated as a deserter from the British army, which indeed he was, and his captors did

not try to reassure him. His capture was regarded as a disaster to the Americans, while in truth it was a great blessing, for he was a most untrustworthy person. But even Washington had not grasped the fact, and when he heard that Lee was confined as a prisoner in New York City Hall, and in danger of being hung, he notified Lord William Howe that he held five Hessian officers as hostages for Lee's safety; that there would be no further exchange of prisoners until the British agreed to treat Lee as a prisoner of war.

The Howes were planning to send him to England for trial, and, when Washington's message arrived, Lee was actually on board ship; but Lord Howe complied with the request of the American General. Meantime, a year had passed, and, Satan finding mischief for idle hands to do, Lee planned to "sell out" to the English,—that is, to betray the Patriots. But he took care to conceal his tracks, and it was not until eighty years afterwards that his treason was discovered. He made the Howes believe that he had influence with Congress, and told them the Colonists would be willing to enter into peace negotiations and return to their allegiance. When this had proved false, he planned a campaign by which the British would be able to capture Philadelphia, saying that, if Howe were

in possession of the rebel capital, he could dictate terms to the Americans.

Meantime, the unsuspecting Americans, having captured a British General, Prescott, offered him in exchange for Lee, whom the British were glad to give up, thinking that he would be of more service to them in the American camp, where he would be better able to furnish information. Immediately on his arrival at Valley Forge, he began to put all sorts of obstacles in Washington's way. In the Battle of Monmouth he nearly caused disaster by calmly disobeying and wilfully misunderstanding Washington's orders; had it not been for the prompt action of Lafayette, Wayne, Maxwell, Steuben, and Washington, himself, who dashed in among Lee's fleeing soldiers and wheeled them around once more to the conflict, the day would have been lost. What promised to be a complete rout proved on the whole a victory for the Americans. But Howe's final occupation of Philadelphia was due in a great measure to Lee's treachery.

Lee's behavior at this time led to an inquiry by Congress. He was unfortunate enough, too, to entangle himself by an open controversy with Washington, after which he was arrested, court-martialed, found guilty "of disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy, misbehavior on the field, in making an unnecessary and shameful

retreat, and gross disrespect to the Commander-in-Chief."

His sentence of suspension for one year was too mild a punishment for a man whose pockets were already filled with British gold, but the unsuspecting Americans did not know of his treacherous dealings. After the Battle of Monmouth, Lee seems to have dropped out of the service, but his attacks on Washington through the press became so violent that Colonel Laurens, one of the General's aides, challenged him, and, in the duel which followed, wounded him in the side. In 1779, he retired to his plantation in Virginia and led a hermit's life, with his dogs and horse, "in a shell of a house, the different apartments of which were indicated by chalk lines on the floor."

When the year's suspension was near an end, he heard that Congress was planning to drop him from the service, whereupon he wrote such an insolent letter to the President of Congress that he was promptly dismissed. Shortly afterwards, while in Philadelphia negotiating for the sale of his Virginia property, he was stricken with fever and died in some out-of-the-way inn. One clause of his will reads: "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Baptist meeting-house, for, since I

have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company while living, that I do not choose to continue it when I am dead."

Nevertheless, all honor was paid to the troublesome spirit, then at rest forever. He had a military funeral and was buried in the yard of Christ Church, Philadelphia, and all thought him an honest, though a mistaken man. The proofs of his treason were hidden away for many years among the archives of an English manor-house.

Another incident which hurt the Patriot leaders was the discovered treason of Doctor Benjamin Church. From the days of the Stamp Act, he had been one of the most active members of the New England Sons of Liberty. All its secret councils, which were held behind closed doors, were attended by him, and no man knew better than he the precautions the Colonies had taken for self-protection. After the excitement of Paul Revere's ride, and the Battles of Lexington and Concord, the more thoughtful began to wonder how it happened that the British knew of the military stores at Concord,—a fact known only to a handful of trusted men. In the hurry of events, this little point was overlooked; but sometime afterwards, during the siege of Boston, suspicion pointed a finger at Doctor Church, who was discovered to be in secret communication with the enemy. He sent a letter by a woman,

who was going to Newport, to the Captain of the British man-of-war stationed there; she applied to a Patriot by the name of Mainwood to help her reach the ship.

By clever questioning, he drew from her the fact that she had an important letter to deliver. The woman seemed so confused that his suspicions were aroused, and, fearing there might be a traitor in the army, he prevailed on her to allow him to deliver the letter. After consulting with another Patriot, named Maxwell, the two decided to open the letter, which they found written in cipher. They took the strange document to Mr. Henry Ward, of Providence, who, in his turn, sent it, with an explanation, to General Greene, in camp. The latter promptly laid the whole matter before Washington. The woman was examined, and owned that Doctor Church had given her the letter.

Doctor Church was immediately arrested. The letter, when deciphered, was a description of the American forces, but contained no special disclosures and told no secrets. He wrote to Washington stating that his only object was to end the war, and that he was innocent of any treason. The Council in camp was not satisfied, and Congress took up the case, keeping Church a close prisoner meanwhile. Congress at last decided that he must stand trial in the

General Court of Massachusetts, and there he made a poor and blundering defense, which failed to prove his innocence. He was expelled from his seat in Congress, and was closely confined in a jail in Norwich, Connecticut, "without the use of pen, ink, or paper, and that no person be allowed to converse with him, except in the presence and hearing of a Magistrate of the town, or Sheriff of the county where he should be confined, and in the English language, until further order of Congress."

Here he stayed from November until May, when he begged for his release on account of ill health. This was granted, provided he went back to Massachusetts and was put in the charge of the Council of the Colony; he gave his parole not to hold correspondence with the enemy, or to leave the Colony without permission. He returned to Boston, and, during the year 1776, obtained leave to go to the West Indies. The vessel on which he sailed must have been lost; it was never heard of again, and Doctor Church doubtless perished with all his guilty secrets. These experiences had the effect of making the Americans very cautious, and to the credit of the Patriots be it said there were very few traitors in the camp.

Now we come to a dark shadow, indeed; an event which cast a gloom over the American

army. In the quiet country town of New London, Connecticut, the alarm of war startled the villagers from their dreams of peace and plenty. A messenger, riding post-haste, brought the news of Lexington and Concord, on April 21, 1775, and a big meeting was held at the court-house, just as the shadows fell around the strange day. One of the speakers on this occasion was the young preceptor of the Union Grammar School, Nathan Hale,—beloved and respected among the people of New London. His presence, as he rose to speak, was most imposing. He was almost six feet tall, splendidly proportioned, broad-chested and muscular, with a face of singular beauty, a ruddy complexion, blue eyes, and soft light brown hair, and a voice low and musical that thrilled his hearers as he spoke.

"Let us march immediately," he cried, "and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence!"

This was said to be the first public demand for independence, made at the beginning of the Revolution. Nathan Hale was quite unlike the ordinary school teacher of his time. He had a thirst for knowledge and was very studious. His father—a strict Puritan—was anxious for him to become a minister, and he was fitted for college, entering Yale in the sixteenth year of his age (he was born in 1755). He graduated

in 1773, with the highest honors, a great favorite with students, tutors, and the faculty.

Jared Sparks says of him:

“Possessing genius, taste, and order, he became distinguished as a scholar; and, endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of Nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits were joined gentleness of manner, an ingenuous disposition and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely, by the generous good wishes of his associates, and the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors.”

Such was the man who died, in the service of his country, the shameful death of a spy.

We always speak of spies and traitors in the same breath, chiefly because the punishment meted out for either offense is the same; but spies are far from traitors, and, from the history of the earliest wars, to these more modern times, the spy has given the dramatic touch to every campaign. Scarcely a great battle has been fought without that powerful aid, and in most cases spies have been men and women, chosen because of their patriotism, faithfulness, and endurance.

If successful in their missions they have been raised to high places; if unsuccessful—they have died the death of martyrs.

When, early in September, Lieutenant Nathan Hale marched away with his regiment to help in the siege of Boston, he was filled with the ardor of the young Patriot; in January he was made a Captain, and was with Washington's army, when, after the evacuation of Boston, the Americans marched to New York. Soon after his arrival in New York, General Heath gave him permission to attempt the capture of a British sloop, laden with provisions, which was anchored in the East River under the protection of the war-ship *Asia*. Hale and a few picked men went in a whale-boat, silently at midnight, to the side of the sloop, sprang on deck, secured the sentinels, confined the crew below the hatches, raised her anchor, and, with Hale at the helm, brought her into port in the early dawn. The victors were greeted with joyous shouts, and the provisions were quickly distributed among the hungry soldiers.

We hear little of Nathan Hale during Washington's retreat from Long Island and through the greater part of that disastrous summer. He had been left behind with the troops in New York, under General Putnam, when Howe's army invaded Long Island, being reported on

the sick list; but he joined the retreating forces on their way to Harlem Heights in September. Washington had made his headquarters on Murray Hill, at the home of Robert Murray, a rich Quaker merchant, and there Nathan Hale was summoned to receive secret instructions for a most important mission.

The American army was in a most perilous position; the British were surrounding them on all sides, except toward the north, and Washington, in his masterly retreat, succeeded in making a temporary stronghold wherever he struck the heights. Scouts had brought word that two war-ships had passed up the East River, and that, on every side, the enemy seemed to be making active preparations. But beyond that, Washington could get no information; he did not know from what direction the British would aim their attack.

After a council of war it was resolved to send some competent person in disguise to the British camp on Long Island, in order to find out the secret. "It needed," said Lossing, one of Hale's biographers, "one skilled in military and scientific knowledge, and a good draughtsman; a man possessed of a quick eye, a cool head, unflinching courage, tact, caution and sagacity." Colonel Knowlton was directed by Washington to ask for the volunteer services of such a man.

Knowlton summoned a number of officers to his quarters, and delivered Washington's message, which was received in stunned silence; any mission of adventure, no matter what the danger, would have found them ready and eager either to go alone or to lead their men, but to become a spy—a character held up to the scorn of nations since the world began—aroused their resentment. Almost to a man they refused; the shame would be too much; the disgraceful death in case of discovery daunted them all! Knowlton was in despair, when at last a single voice from the group of officers said firmly, "I will undertake it," and all eyes turned at once upon the pale young soldier who stepped forward. It was Nathan Hale, bearing still the traces of his recent illness. In vain his comrades tried to dissuade him, for he was known and loved by them all, but his answer was firm:

"Gentlemen, I think I owe my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the Commander of her armies, and I know no mode of obtaining the information but by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which

I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by any expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful; *and every kind of service necessary for the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary.* If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

So spoke the Patriot, who could not see in the performance of his duty anything ignoble. To send such a man rushing on his fate was hard for a Commander like Washington, to whom the young men in his army were most dear; nor did he require of his faithful followers any service which, could their positions be reversed, he would not have undertaken himself.

Receiving his instructions, Hale left the camp on Harlem Heights, accompanied by Sergeant Stephen Hempstead, a member of his company, and his own servant, one Ansel Wright. Washington gave him a general order to all owners of American vessels in Long Island Sound to carry him to any point he might wish. He found, on reaching the Sound, that he would have to go some distance up the country before attempting to cross, for the Sound was full of small British cruisers. The coast was not clear until they reached Norwalk, where Hale bade his companions good-by. Here he changed his uniform for

a citizen's dress of brown cloth, and a broad-brimmed round hat, and, leaving his clothes, his military commission, and other papers with Hempstead, bade them await his return at Norwalk. On the morning of September 20, they were to be sure and send a boat for him.

That was the last seen or heard of him by his friends until the news of his dreadful fate filled the camp with gloom. There was no one to tell his story as it really happened. It is known that he crossed the Sound to Huntington Bay, that he assumed the character of a loyalist school-master, disgusted with the "rebels" and in quest of an engagement as a teacher. The British received him very kindly; he was permitted to visit all the camps, and was soon a great favorite with everybody. Then he went over from Brooklyn to New York, which had been taken by the British since his departure, making drawings and taking notes on his way; still unsuspected, he made his way through the camps again, back to Huntington Bay to wait for the boat.

Here he rested for the night, at the same tavern where he had stopped when he set out on his journey; it was called "The Cedars," and was kept by the Widow Chichester, a staunch loyalist. Feeling secure in his disguise, Hale entered a room where were assembled a number of per-

sons. One man, whose face seemed strangely familiar to him, suddenly disappeared, and was supposed by many to be a Tory kinsman of Hale's who, recognizing him, betrayed him into the hands of the enemy, but this is only a surmise. Hale spent the night at the tavern and the next morning very early he was up and on the lookout for the expected boat.

He saw it coming, and, joyously running to meet it, found it was a barge bearing British marines. As he turned to escape, a loud voice called, "Surrender or die!" and six guns were leveled at him. They seized him and carried him to the guard-ship *Halifax*, where he was searched, and the telltale papers he was carrying back to Washington were found concealed between the soles of his shoes. He was taken to Howe's headquarters, the residence of James Beekman, at Mount Pleasant, situated at what is now Fifty-first Street, near First Avenue. It had been deserted by its Whig owner and was occupied as headquarters for the British generals up to the close of the Revolution.

Hale was confined in the Beekman greenhouse on Saturday, September 21, the night of New York's big fire, supposed to have been started by incendiary Whigs. In his interview with Howe he was manly and direct, deeply touching the kind-hearted Commander; but the rules of war

were strict and there was no escaping his doom. Hale was handed over to his executioners, who happened to be more than ordinarily brutal. He was in charge of William Cunningham, the notorious British provost-marshal, who had orders to execute him before sunrise the next day.

He was allowed to write some letters to his mother and sisters, and to the fair young girl who had promised to marry him, but Cunningham laughed them to scorn when he read them, and tore them up before him. Had it not been for the presence at the place of execution (East Broadway and Market Street) of a young British commander stationed near by, no word would have come to us of Hale's last moments. But we can picture to ourselves the Sabbath stillness of the day, and the heroic young fellow bound with cords, the noose about his neck, the brave blue eyes looking beyond the tragedy he was to play, and seeing the glory of the skies.

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country" were the last words of Nathan Hale, and they are stamped upon the base of the simple column, erected to his memory, in Coventry, Connecticut, where he was born; and here in New York where he died stands a beautiful statue of the Patriot martyr, inscribed with the same heroic words.

It seems strange that the fate of Nathan Hale should not have been a lesson and a warning, but the darker tragedy now looming on the horizon proves that even the most daring of conspirators may be singularly short-sighted. Had General Washington been asked to point out his most trusted and brilliant officers, he would not have failed to place upon the list the name of Benedict Arnold. In his long career of military usefulness was written almost the entire history of the American Revolution.

Born at Norwich, Connecticut, on January 14, 1741, he was well-provided with honored ancestors, and the name of Benedict had been in the family for many generations. His boyhood, like that of other provincial boys, might have passed unnoticed but for his checkered career. He is described as "active as lightning, with a ready wit always at command. He early developed the qualities of a natural leader." His boldness and daring, in boyhood as well as in manhood, caused him to be regarded as very brave, though as we shall see, when the time came, he lacked the moral courage which is true bravery. "He was generous, and his sympathies were always with the weak; he was the champion of the smaller lads and those of his own age, and no bully was ever permitted in his presence to practice any injustice upon the younger boys.

He was kind to his friends but would never submit to force." Such was Arnold, the boy, and such in after years was Arnold the man; "kind to his friends, but would never submit to force."

Could we trace his brilliant services in many battles, we, who condemn him to-day as a traitor of the deepest dye, would find it in our hearts to be almost sorry for this very human sinner; and if poor Major John André was doomed to pay the penalty by an ignominious death, how much greater was the penalty Arnold paid by the torture of an accusing conscience, through a sorrowful life!

From the time he led his company to Cambridge, as a Captain of volunteers, to that day when he would have sold his country to the English, his military life had been one long series of brilliant manoeuvres and well-earned victories. Whenever a campaign required a spirited leader with a cool head and indomitable courage, Washington singled out Benedict Arnold. In the assault upon Quebec, in the naval battle of Valcour Island, when Arnold commanded the fleet on Lake Champlain, in his wonderful campaign on the Mohawk, when he saved Fort Stanwix, and, last though not least, in the two battles of Saratoga, resulting in Burgoyne's surrender, and declared by historians to be ranked as among the fifteen great battles of the world,

Arnold's conduct stands out with shining distinctness.

This last victory the world acknowledges to be due to Arnold's desperate valor and reckless exposure, in order to wring from Congress his well-merited promotion which had been unjustly withheld. Congress was unjust to many of its brave officers; at this time, General Schuyler had been superceded by General Gates, for no reason; but while Schuyler bore his wrongs with patriotic calmness, Arnold, who had been dragged through a court-martial on unjust charges, bitterly resented the action of Congress in withholding his military promotion.

Later on, other difficulties beset Arnold. He had married, early in life, Margaret Mansfield, daughter of the high sheriff of the county, but he had been a widower many years when he met the beautiful Miss Peggy Shippen, of Philadelphia, who was his wife when, at the time of his treason, he fled the country. His extravagant way of living got him into debt, and money troubles crowded upon him. Some shady business transactions again brought down upon him arrest and a court-martial, and his punishment on this occasion was a public reprimand from Washington, given most unwillingly,—for the Commander-in-Chief was personally fond of the gallant officer. Indeed, it is stated that, had

the General been allowed the privilege of promoting the officers of his army from the beginning to the end of the war, Arnold's treason would not have stained the pages of history.

Arnold's public disgrace left a wound which nothing could efface. He had shed his blood and had become a cripple in the cause of his country, and that country, in the name of justice, had given him unmerited punishment. This in no way excuses his treachery; it only explains the cause. Yet, to the very end, Washington trusted him; true to his promise of furnishing Arnold with opportunities to regain the esteem of his countrymen, he had appointed him to command the left wing of the army, guarding the Hudson, with headquarters at West Point, "the post of honor." But Arnold was already deep in treason, having sometime before opened a secret correspondence with the British, through Major André, Adjutant-General on Clinton's staff, carried on under assumed names—Arnold's letters being signed *Gustavus*, and André's, *Anderson*.

The English found that Arnold's wounded pride furnished them with powerful weapons, and Arnold fell, dragging with him one of the brightest lights of the British army, John André, a brave soldier, a brilliant scholar and a courteous gentleman. He was young, eager for promotion,

ready, in short, for any service he could render his country,—just as Nathan Hale was, four years before.

August, 1780, was a gloomy hour in the history of the Revolution; the Americans had lost Charleston, South Carolina, and the army stationed there was in the enemy's hands. Gates had also been defeated at Camden, and another army routed. New Jersey was in nearly the same state, while Manhattan was overrun with British soldiers. It was then that the interview was arranged between Arnold and André, to take place somewhere around September 20, on which date Washington expected to meet the Count de Rochambeau, Commander of the French forces stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, having arranged for a conference at Hartford.

On the evening of September 20, a big dinner was given in New York by Colonel Williams, an English officer, to General Sir Henry Clinton and his staff, Major André, of course, being one of the guests. The company was hilarious, and called for a song from the young Adjutant-General, who was unusually grave, though he had just been toasted with many compliments. When he had modestly thanked them, Sir Henry said: "The Major leaves the city on duty to-night, which will most likely terminate in making plain

John André *Sir* John André, for success must crown his efforts."

André went up the Hudson that evening on the *Vulture*, the British sloop-of-war. He was accompanied by Beverly Robinson, and the sloop anchored between Teller's (now Croton) Point and Verplanck's Point, where it lay two days. Arnold sent Joshua H. Smith, an intimate friend, with a boat, to bring André ashore, and by some accident the young officer, who had chosen neutral ground for the meeting, was hurried within the American lines, which made him very uneasy, and forced him to assume some sort of a disguise.

The rest is history; André's mission accomplished, he too, like Nathan Hale, was on the way home, the papers Arnold had given him stuffed in the feet of his stockings, unmindful of Clinton's positive commands to carry no papers. The plan was that Clinton, with a strong force, should attack West Point on the 25th, and Arnold, after a show of resistance, should surrender on plea of the weakness of the garrison. A part of the plan was the seizure of Washington, who was due on the 27th.

All would have gone well if, when on parting from his guide, André, on his return, had taken the White Plains road instead of the one leading to Tarrytown, which would have led him out

of the enemy's country. On the morning of Friday, September 23, 1780, seven young men, all Patriots, were out chasing a gang of Tory marauders, called "cow-boys," who had been stealing cattle in the district between King's Bridge and the Croton River. These young men were John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, David Williams, John Yerks, and three others who were, besides, doing special service in arresting suspicious characters in the passing travellers.

Paulding, who had recently escaped from prison, in New York, in the disguise of a Hessian coat, still had it on, and completely deceived André, who was riding into Tarrytown, as he stepped out of the bushes with his musket and ordered the traveller to halt and give an account of himself.

"My lads, I hope you belong to our party," said André.

"What party?" said Paulding.

"The lower party—the British."

"We do," said Paulding.

"Thank God, I am once more among friends!" exclaimed André, much relieved. "I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and hope you will not detain me a minute."

"We are Americans, and you are our prisoner," said Paulding, seizing the bridle of his horse.

In vain André pled with them, even showing the passport which Arnold had provided in case of need. It read: "Headquarters, Robinson's House, September 22, 1780. Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below, if he chooses, he being on public business, by my direction. B. Arnold, Maj. Gen."

The young men, their suspicions now thoroughly aroused, made the traveller dismount and searched him carefully, but found nothing.

"Try his boots," said Van Wart.

This they did, finding the papers. Paulding, being the only one who could read, looked them over and exclaimed:

"My God! He is a spy!"

A spy—the most scorned of all beings! This fair son of England, with the best of his life stretching before him, branded as a spy by these country lads—these sons of the soil, while the traitor stayed quietly at his post, counting the hours to the enemy's coming!

These young men did not know what a prize they had taken. They knew he was a British officer, but had no idea of his rank. Though André offered them large bribes to release him, they could not be moved.

Then André asked his captors to take him to the nearest American post. He was accordingly delivered to Lieutenant-Colonel Jamieson,

in command of Sheldon's dragoons, at North Salem. That officer saw nothing amiss with Arnold's passport, and wrote a letter to Arnold, explaining how "Anderson" came to be a prisoner, finally deciding to send the captive back with the letter under escort to headquarters. At the same time, he sent the papers found in André's boots by express to Washington, then on his way from Hartford.

André was already on his way back, when Major Benjamin Tallmadge, of the dragons, suddenly returned to Jamieson's quarters, and, learning of the capture and the papers, declared André to be a spy and Arnold a traitor, and persuaded Jamieson to order the return of the prisoner, agreeing to assume all responsibility. André was brought back, but unfortunately the letter went to Arnold.

Washington had returned sooner than he expected and lodged at Fishkill, eighteen miles from West Point, on the night of September 24; early the next morning (the day appointed for the attack on West Point) he and his escort decided, as they were near Arnold's headquarters, they would go there for breakfast. The careful General stopped on the way to inspect some fortifications, and sent Hamilton, Lafayette, and some other young officers to tell Mrs. Arnold not to delay breakfast on his account.

While they were all at table with Arnold and his wife, the letter from Jamieson arrived. Arnold, after a few moments' talk, left the table, and his wife followed him anxiously to their room, where he told her the awful news and confessed himself a traitor, saying his safety depended on instant flight.

Leaving his wife in a dead faint, and telling his guests that she was ill and that he had been called suddenly to West Point, he mounted his horse, which he had ordered Jamieson's messenger to have saddled, and made for the river. Here he summoned the crew of his barge, and stepping in, ordered them to row swiftly down the river, for he bore a flag, to the *Vulture*, and must be on hand soon to meet General Washington. When they neared the *Vulture*, Arnold raised his handkerchief on the end of a stick. His barge came alongside and he ascended to the deck, where he told Colonel Robinson what had happened.

He tried to induce his bargemen to join the King's service, but they indignantly refused and were sent back to shore by the same flag, bearing a letter to Washington, inclosing one for his wife. He assured the outraged Commander-in-Chief that his wife knew nothing of his acts, and that his military aides were equally innocent. Then he slunk away out of sight, while André went to his fate.

Nothing could save the brave young Major; the very officers who tried him were moved with deep compassion. Even Major Tallmadge, who had him in charge, found his sympathies aroused. Once, André asked him how he thought General Washington and a military tribunal would regard him; for answer Tallmadge replied:

"I had a much-loved classmate at Yale College, by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the Battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken, just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return. *Do you remember the sequel of the story?*"

"Yes," said André, "he was hanged as a spy. But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike."

"Yes, precisely similar; and similar will be your fate," said Tallmadge.

And so it was,—only with this difference; André was fairly tried and fairly sentenced by a band of conscientious men, while Nathan Hale was hurried to his cruel death without trial. The Americans even went so far as to suggest an exchange of Arnold for André, Arnold offering to come back, but Clinton in honor was bound

to protect the fugitive, even at the sacrifice of André, whom he dearly loved.

The tale has been often told—how the poor young officer, knowing his life was forfeited, wrote Washington, begging for a soldier's death; how the enraged army murmured threats of disbanding unless the sentence was carried out by the laws of war, as it was on October 2, 1780. But they could not keep him from dying like a soldier; with his own hands he placed the rope around his neck and swung into Eternity. They buried him in his uniform, where he died, on an eminence near Tappaan Village, and it was noticeable that neither Washington nor his staff appeared at the execution.

There was mourning among the English as well as among the Americans, to whom the young fellow had greatly endeared himself. Later, his remains were disinterred and sent to England, and the King honored his memory by ordering a mural monument to be placed in Westminster Abbey, near the "Poets' Corner," and also, to wipe away the stain of André's death, settled a pension upon his family, and conferred the honor of knighthood upon his brother.

But Nathan Hale sleeps in an unknown tomb, unmarked by a stone. A great city's surging restlessness is treading each day upon the sacred spot. Of recent date is that exquisite statue of

the young martyr, which stands in New York's busy thoroughfare, to remind us of a tardily paid debt.

As for Arnold, few can tell through what terrible pangs conscience exacted toll from the traitor; for no matter what his excuse, he *was* a traitor. His treason was a great shock to Washington, who had trusted in his fidelity above all things.

Benedict Arnold died on the 14th of June, 1801, at the age of sixty years. Tradition tells us that, when he lay dying, his mind wandered and he fought over all his early battles. Calling for the old Continental uniform, in which he had escaped to the British ship, he said: "Bring me, I beg you, the epaulettes and sword-knots which Washington gave me; let me die in my old American uniform, the uniform in which I fought my battles. God forgive me," he muttered, "for ever putting on any other."

And thus, in bitter distress, in self-reproach, in poverty, died Benedict Arnold.

CHAPTER IX

DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY

THE Revolutionary soldier and the Revolutionary sailor had each his part to play in the great American drama which gave us our independence. But while we have a great respect for the Revolutionary Dame, and we always speak of her with capital letters, history has never done her justice, for the simple reason that history has to do with battlefields and the stirring deeds of great men fighting for their homes and firesides, while the capable hands of the Daughters of Liberty, that garnished the homes and swept the hearths, against the return of their victorious heroes, did their work in a spirit of heroic self-sacrifice, which has been and will be the lot of the women wherever there is war.

From the time the Revolutionary ladies put away their tea-caddies, and stamped their high-heeled shoes in opposition to King George's stern decrees, to the days of the great peace, when they put on their best brocades to make their bow to President George Washington and his

lady, the women played a prominent part in the story of the Revolution,—from Martha Washington, who was associated with every event of her husband's varied career, to the wife of the smallest farmer, who put a musket in her good man's hands and sent him to the front to fight for liberty. Then straightway, her home, no matter how humble, became her castle, and every instinct was roused to protect her fields, her cattle, her household goods, and her children, from the ravaging hands of Indians and Tories, who preyed upon the defenceless homes, and scattered death and desolation wherever they went.

The pioneer women of those days could handle a musket as well as the men. Few of them could read or write, for the needs of everyday life at that time were not to be found in books. There was ploughing to be done, cows to be milked, horses to be fed and rubbed down, poultry to be cared for, meat to be salted and packed for the winter, and there were endless household duties to occupy their time, from dawn till dusk — candle-dipping, spinning and weaving, baking and brewing, seeing to the wants of a growing family, and, more than all, fighting that dreadful scourge of the Revolution, smallpox, that deadliest of foes, hidden in the tattered garments of some fugitive soldier, who, receiving food from the

hand of some kind housekeeper, would leave the pest behind him.

It was a merciless scourge, attacking friend and foe, and entering alike without warning the homes of the rich and the poor. Other diseases, too, coming into the towns from the nearby camps or from the soldiers quartered there, ran riot in the households, and could not be checked by the old-fashioned grandmother's remedies. Especially was this the case in Boston, when the town was swarming with the English soldiers, who unceremoniously took possession of some of the handsomest houses, and when, at its gates, the ragged Americans were herded together rather like a stable full of animals than like an army of men. The very water seemed to be poisoned; those who drank of it, sickened, and in many cases, died.

The house of John Adams, in particular, was the scene of much suffering, for member after member of his own and his wife's family was cut down. There was no braver Daughter of Liberty than Abigail Adams, the wife of this Patriot. Separated from her husband from the very beginning of the war, and left with her four young children in the besieged city of Boston, this wonderful woman kept up a steady stream of letters, which form in themselves an excellent history of Boston at that time.

Mrs. John Adams was Miss Abigail Smith of Weymouth, Massachusetts; she was born in that town, November 11, 1744, and was a direct descendant of the Massachusetts Puritans. Her father was the Reverend William Smith, minister of the Congregational Church of Weymouth, and her mother was Elizabeth Quincy, also of fine old Puritan stock, with many ministers of the Gospel on her side of the family. This fact in a measure accounts for the somewhat unusual education Abigail Smith received; for in the Colony of Massachusetts, where religious zeal ruled everything, the ministers who preached the Gospel were among the most noted scholars of the day, devoting all their higher education to the spreading of the Scripture. It was natural, therefore, that the clergy should become guardians of education as well as of religion. The records of Harvard University show that during the Colonial period most of the instructors were ministers, and at least half of the students entered college to prepare themselves for the ministry.

In those days, as Mrs. Adams says, "it was fashionable to ridicule female learning." For the girls of a family there was no special instruction, except the practical homely wisdom which fell from the lips of their mothers. If the small Patiences and Dorcases were quick-witted, they picked up bits of learning in their daily conversa-

tions. Abigail Smith's unusually quick mind scarcely showed itself until long after her marriage to John Adams. "I never was sent to school," she writes, "I was always sick. Female education in the best families went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few and rare instances, music and dancing."

Little Abigail was fortunate above most children in the possession of a very remarkable grandmother, Mrs. John Quincy, herself the daughter of a clergyman, who delighted in teaching, and had a happy fashion of mixing instruction with amusement. She was of a lively, cheerful disposition, and the visits Abigail paid to Mount Wollaston, a part of Braintree, Massachusetts, were the pleasant spots in her little girl life. She was fond of girl friends of her own age, but the distances between their homes were too great to allow frequent meetings, and so they took to letter-writing when the bad roads and the dangers of travelling kept them apart, and they signed fictitious names, such as *Calliope*, *Myra*, *Aspasia* and *Aurelia*, just like the writers in the *Spectator*, then the fashionable magazine of the period. Abigail's own chosen name was *Diana*, but, after her marriage, in her letters to her husband, she usually signed herself *Portia*, and this letter-writing proved her best teacher, while her habit of quoting bits of verse or clever

sayings goes to prove that the young ladies of Massachusetts read much, even though self-taught.

Abigail was the second of three daughters: Mary, the eldest, married Richard Cranch, who later became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts, while Elizabeth, the youngest, was twice married, first to the Reverend John Shaw, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and after his death to the Reverend Mr. Peabody of Atkinson, New Hampshire. The marriage of Abigail was not so pleasing to her parents, first because John Adams was a lawyer, and in those days lawyers were regarded as somewhat on the order of rogues; Mr. Adams besides was the son of a small farmer, not near so high in the social scale; but love conquered, and they were married, in spite of Puritanical head-shakings, on October 25, 1764. Little they dreamed that the farmer's son would help to rend the shackles from his country, and that one day Abigail would take her place beside him as the first lady in the land!

The first ten years of her married life passed tranquilly, but from 1774 until the close of the war she had to endure almost constant separation from her husband. During this time her only solace were the letters which passed between them. Those from John Adams, of course, dealt with the big events which were taking

place in Congress, wherever it was sitting; while Mrs. Adams wrote from Braintree, from Weymouth, and from Boston, of all the military movements which were occurring almost at her door. Besides this, there were household and family matters to report, and especially each smallest detail about their little quartette of children, for John Adams was a proud and loving father; but Mrs. Adams had the care of them through all those anxious days, not knowing at what time the British might march in and take possession.

In one letter she gives a stirring account of how the Colonists secured some gunpowder in Braintree, and in the same letter, dated two days later, she speaks in glowing terms of Mr. Nathan Rice, the new schoolmaster: "I have not sent Johnny," she writes on September 16, 1774 [John Quincy Adams was then seven years old]. "He goes very steadily to Mr. Thaxter, who I believe takes very good care of him; and, as they seem to have a liking to each other, I believe it will be best to continue him with him. However, when you return we can consult what will be best. I am certain if he does not get so much good, he gets less harm."

Another letter from Boston Garrison, in 1774, tells of the steady but quiet preparation for war, also of the threatened uprising of the negroes.

"I wish," she writes, "there was not a slave in the province. It always appeared a most iniquitous scheme to me—to fight ourselves for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this subject."

In another letter she encloses a couple from the children. She says: "You will receive letters from two who are as earnest to write to papa, as if the welfare of a kingdom depended upon it." One letter has been preserved; it was from John Quincy Adams, written at the age of seven, and is full of all the quaint, old-fashioned phrasing of a little boy of long ago. It is dated October 13, 1774, and begins

"Sir,—

"I have been trying ever since you went away to learn to write you a letter. I shall make poor work of it; but sir, mamma says you will accept my endeavors, and that my duty to you may be expressed in poor writing as well as good. I hope I grow a better boy, and that you will have no occasion to be ashamed of me when you return. Mr. Thaxter says I learn my books well. He is a very good master. I read my books to mamma. We all long to see you. I am, sir, your dutiful son,

"John Quincy Adams."

Rather a remarkable letter for a seven-year-old; perhaps "mamma" helped him to string his sentences together.

During the siege of Boston, she was shut up in the enemy's country, while all her sympathies lay outside with the besiegers. It took a woman of infinite courage to live in the midst of war, in the midst of foes, but her duty lay with her young children, and in watching over her husband's affairs during his absence, and she never faltered.

There were thousands like her, many indeed whose names will never go down in history, but the wives of the leaders were shining examples. Mrs. Washington followed her husband to every camp. At the close of each campaign, Washington always despatched an aide-de-camp to bring his wife to headquarters. Hostilities always ceased in the winter, to be renewed with the first breath of spring. As she quaintly remarked, it was always her fortune "to hear the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing, of all the campaigns of the Revolutionary war." She created quite a pleasant stir when she came to camp in her "plain chariot, with the neat postilions in red and white liveries."

The presence of the Commander's wife had a great effect upon the soldiers. Her simplicity and her dignity endeared her to them all, and

the fact that she cheerfully endured her husband's privations was a fine example for them. She shared with them all the cruel winter at Valley Forge, and her gentle care and kindness relieved much suffering. The wife of a great man has a hard part to play. "Lady Washington," as she was often called, left nothing great behind her; the memory of her is scented with old-fashioned lavender. She was an old-fashioned lady; she adored her husband; she looked after her household and was a wonderful house-keeper, making the very most of their cramped quarters in camp.

Accustomed to the luxuries at Mount Vernon, she had to make the best of nothing, for their table was scantily furnished indeed during those days of famine at Valley Forge, when the soldiers lived on salt herrings and potatoes, with a jug of water from the nearest spring. It was no small undertaking to be the mistress of a home like Mount Vernon, and later to become the mistress of the White House, and the fact that she was beloved by one and all shows how graciously and unselfishly she did her duty.

She was not alone in this, however; whenever it was possible, the soldiers' wives shared the fortunes of war with them, enduring all the hardships with a fortitude that was remarkable, aiding the sick and the wounded, and adding

cheerfulness to the camps, so often depressed by the shadow of defeat. The lives of the women of that day were more or less bounded by their limited education; they lived in stirring times, and their energy and ready wit were called into play by the great events which happened around them.

We must not imagine that tea was a forbidden article during all the years of the Revolution. After the Declaration of Independence, the ladies began to look elsewhere for their tea. Chinese tea came into use, and the brew from it was far more fragrant than the beverages made from sage or sassafras. Our privateers, too, brought in wonderful shipments of silks, calicoes, gauzes and ribbons, and the ladies among the better class were able to show as much elegance of costume as their Tory sisters.

Not so the women of the poorer class; they dressed in homespun of the poorest quality, and labored hard to keep the wolf from their cabin doors, or, if not the wolf, the Tory or the Indian. Many of these women had the courage and the strength of men, and in the records of Congress can be found the following item:

“*Resolved*—That Margaret Corbin, wounded and disabled at the attack on Fort Washington, while she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed by her side, serving a piece of

artillery, do receive, during her natural life, or continuance of said disability, one-half the monthly pay drawn by a soldier in service of these States; and that she now receive out of public stores, one suit of clothes, or value thereof in money. July, 1779."

There is also the story of the celebrated "Molly Pitcher," the wife of the gunner who was killed at the battle of Monmouth. She never faltered, though her good man lay dead at her side, but, taking his place at the gun, did such damage that she was rewarded by a commission.

Another heroine of martial fame was Deborah Samson, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, a child of poverty-stricken parents. When a very small girl, she was put out to work in a respectable farmer's household and was kindly treated, but the poor little maid had no chance of an education, though she was eager for knowledge. She taught herself to read, however, by borrowing books from the children who passed their house to and from school.

When she was eighteen, her apprenticeship was at an end, and she then set to work to get an education. She hired out to a farmer's family, receiving in payment her board and lodging, and then she went daily to the district school in the neighborhood. She there made such strides that in a few months she had accomplished more

than her schoolmates had done in years. Meantime she had grown to be a tall, strong girl, with very much the build and muscle of a boy, and, when the cannons were booming around Boston until their thunderous echoes could be heard afar, a resolution to serve her country as a soldier sprang up within her. She was alone in the world, and no one would miss her or care about her fate.

In the summer of 1778, she earned twelve dollars by teaching in the district school, and with this sum she fitted herself out in a man's suit of fustian, making an attractive youth with the most winning manners. Then she disappeared from the farmer's house, and presented herself as a recruit in the American army, enlisting for the whole term of the war. She was enrolled as one of the first volunteers, in the company of Captain Nathan Thayer, of Medway, Massachusetts, under the name of Robert Shirtliffe, and she lived in the Captain's family until the company was ready to join the main army.

Her sturdy frame and unusual strength deceived everyone, and she was able to stand the greatest fatigue with the courage of a man. Some uniforms were given to the recruits and they had to draw for them by lot; the one which fell to the so-called Robert did not fit, but by the aid of his needle and scissors he soon altered it, much

to the astonishment of Mrs. Thayer. But he explained that his mother had no girl, and so he was often obliged to act as seamstress.

Several pretty girls fell in love with the dashing young "soldier boy," but she always managed to keep out of scrapes, and was in good standing in the company, where she served faithfully for three years—years full of the most wonderful adventures, in which she was wounded twice, and through everything she was suspected by none. The soldiers, with whom she was a great favorite, often called her "Molly," because she had no beard, but no suspicion crossed their minds.

When wounded, her one fear was that she might be discovered, but, strange as it may seem, she escaped detection. Finally an attack of brain fever laid her low; she was carried to a hospital in a dying condition. It was here that the doctor in charge discovered she was a woman, but he was very kind, and when poor "Robert" crept slowly back to life he had her removed to his own home where she could receive better care. Here she had the misfortune to win the love of the Doctor's niece, a very charming young girl, and suffered many pangs of remorse, though, it seems, not even this induced her to disclose her identity. She had a feeling that the Doctor suspected her, though he never hinted at such a thing by word or look.

When she was well enough to go back to her company, she was ordered to carry a letter to General Washington. Then she was sure the truth had come to light, and was more frightened when she came into the presence of the great man than she had been before the enemy's fire. She was dismissed with an attendant while the General read the letter, and, when she was recalled, he handed her in silence her discharge from the service, at the same time giving her a note with a few kinds word of advice, and money to pay her expenses to some place where she could find a home. After the war, she married Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, and when Washington was President she was invited to visit the Capital. During her stay, Congress passed a bill, granting her a pension and certain lands, as an acknowledgment of her services to the country, and while in the city she was invited to prominent houses and entertained as a much-honored guest.

Another heroine who shared the honors of her husband's life was Mrs. John Hancock. We first hear of her when, as Dorothy Quincy, she fled from Boston with Hancock's aunt, Madam Lydia Hancock, just before the Battle of Lexington. Joining Samuel Adams and Hancock at the home of the Reverend Mr. Clarke, in Lexington, she accompanied them to Woburn when they made their escape from Lexington. She

married Hancock in the early days of the Revolution, and was his faithful companion in all the vicissitudes and trials of those seven eventful years. Whatever the people of his own time thought of him, the records handed down to us show that Hancock was a truly great man.

He served his country when racked by disease and pain, and eager as he was to take active service he was never allowed to leave the councils of Congress. Mrs. Hancock alone understood the causes of his sensitive and often irritable temper, for he was not a general favorite; indeed he had many political as well as many private enemies. But "Sweet Dorothy Q—," as Oliver Wendell Holmes calls her, made her own society and gathered around herself and her husband a brilliant circle of friends. She outlived Hancock many years, even marrying again, her second husband being Captain Scott, with whom Hancock had had many business dealings. But to the Massachusetts people she was always Madam Hancock,—a dear old lady, whose reminiscences of the good old times kept her delightfully young and fresh.

When Lafayette was serving in the American army, he was a frequent and honored guest at the Hancock mansion. Many years after, when he visited America as the nation's guest, he paid a call of state to the widow of his old friend. In

"An Old-Fashioned Girl," in the chapter called "Grandma," Louisa M. Alcott has given us a charming picture of this event. "Grandma" was supposed to be one of the pretty girls Madam Hancock had clustered around her to welcome the courtly old hero. To the Alcott family this fine old gentlewoman—the very breath and spirit of the past—was a great delight. When Bronson Alcott was a young man, he dined with her on one occasion, and shook his head over the vagaries of great folk. Madam always served her dinner backwards, beginning with dessert, which probably accounts for John Hancock's uncertain disposition.

Another Daughter of Liberty, well known in Revolutionary days, was Mercy Warren, whose husband, James Warren, was one of the staunchest of Revolutionary Patriots. Mrs. Warren, however, was better known as the sister of James Otis, justly honored as one of the moving spirits of the Revolution.

The Otis family, of which Colonel James Otis was the head, lived in Plymouth, Massachusetts, where Mercy Otis was born September 25, 1728. As a family they were all distinguished for high mental qualities. James Otis, Jr., was a brilliant graduate of Harvard, and his sister, while not neglecting the many home duties that fell to her lot, employed her spare time, not only in

reading, but in the most remarkable fancy-work of her own designing, showing great taste and industry. Worsted work was very fashionable in those days. One of her descendants has a card-table done in this work, the design being made from garden and field flowers.

The study of literature also occupied a great deal of her time, and the Reverend Jonathan Russell, the parish minister, supplied this unusual girl with all the books she wanted. History was her favorite study, and, even after her marriage, she kept up with all her old pursuits, adding to these accomplishments, the gift of writing, shown first in letters to her family and friends, and to such prominent men as Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, Dickinson and others. In the exciting, early days of the struggle, the letters exchanged between Mrs. Warren and Abigail Adams breathe the true prophetic spirit of the Revolution. The two ladies were life-long friends, and their letters are of a high order. Mrs. Warren's pen strayed into the field of composition. She wrote several tragedies and much poetry, being gifted with a vein of satire, to relieve the sometimes tedious blank verse.

Naturally, the Massachusetts women were much excited over the destruction of the tea, and Mrs. Warren celebrated the Tea-Party in the following classic lines:

“ . . . India's poisonous weed
 Long since a sacrifice to Thetis made,
 A rich regale. Now, all the watery dames
 May snuff *souchong*, and sip in flowing bowls
 The higher flavored choice *Hysonian* stream,
 And leave their nectar to old Homer's gods.”

Her devotion to her poor, mad brother, in his last years, was both touching and beautiful. Mrs. Ellet, in her short memoir of this wonderful woman, says: “There existed between them [the brother and sister] a strong attachment which nothing ever impaired. Even in the wildest moods of that insanity with which, late in life, the great Patriot was afflicted, her voice had the power to calm him when all else was without effect.”

Heroism was not confined to the women of Massachusetts; the women of Pennsylvania were equally as zealous, and the good old Dutch stock of New York boasted of many a bright star. There were two American soldiers who took up their residence in Philadelphia at different times, whose careers certainly showed the influence of their wives. One was Colonel Joseph Reed, formerly a lawyer in Trenton; owing to the stressful times, he had changed his residence to Philadelphia, in order to be in touch with the Continental Congress assembled there.

His patriotism was strongly distrusted because of his recent marriage to a London girl, Miss

Esther De Berdt, a daughter of a British merchant, much interested in the Colonial trade. Another cause of prejudice against Joseph Reed was the fact that he finished his professional studies at the Temple in London, but fears of his loyalty were without foundation, though it took General Washington's clearer vision to fully appreciate the man and his worth. Yet even to-day his name does not stand forth on the pages of history as it should, though the services he rendered his country were invaluable. In response to some peace movement on the part of the British, who asked him to use his influence, and offered him ten thousand guineas and a certain post for his services, he made this prompt and noble reply: "*I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the King of Great Britian is not rich enough to do it.*"

His young wife came to her Patriot husband full of sympathy for the Americans, and took her place among those Daughters of Liberty who labored and sacrificed in the cause. Her work among the suffering soldiers is her lasting monument, and many letters passed between her and the Commander-in-Chief concerning the needs of his men, for Washington, as someone truly observed, "writes as judiciously on the humble topic of soldiers' shirts, as on the plan of a campaign or the subsistence of an army."

Mrs. Reed was in Philadelphia during Howe's occupation, and suffered, as all the Patriot women suffered, at seeing their beloved city in the hands of the enemy. On the evacuation of the British, Benedict Arnold, then in the heyday of his power, marched in with the American colors flying, and took up his residence there in great state. His marriage to the beautiful Miss Margaret Shippen, better known as Peggy Shippen, roused much comment, because the young lady was the daughter of a Tory; but Arnold, as a general, was above reproach, and no one imagined that his Tory wife would have the power to lead him astray.

Many suspected that she had a hand in her husband's treachery. Certain it was that she was ordered by Congress to join Arnold in the British army, but no one questioned the faithfulness and loyalty of the beautiful woman who shared his dishonored name. A marked contrast were these two women, both of Philadelphia, wives of American soldiers. One week after Esther Reed, honored and lamented by all who knew her, was borne to her grave, Margaret Shippen bowed her queenly head in shame at her husband's disgrace.

Among the many sacrifices the women were forced to make, the call for lead and pewter for ammunition struck terror to the hearts of the

Revolutionary housekeepers, for it meant that all their table services of pewter, in which they took such pride, had to go to the melting-pot. But the need was urgent, and the true Patriot sacrificed without question. The household pewter, polished by loving hands to the brightness of silver, was given up, though many secret tears were shed.

Cornelia Beekman, another historic character of the Revolution, came of the old Van Cortlandt stock that flourished in New York State, and by her boldness and daring showed her loyalty to the cause of America. She was the second daughter of Pierre Van Cortlandt and Joanna Livingston, and was born in 1752. Her father was Lieutenant-Governor of New York, under its Patriot Governor, George Clinton, from 1777 to 1795, so the girl was early instructed in the principles of American liberty. She married Gerard G. Beekman when she was seventeen years old, and very soon after the storm of war came upon them and she watched, with much interest and enthusiasm, the rising of the people against the British tyranny. One ceremonial was especially impressed on her mind when the mechanics of the city brought their tools, and, placing them in a large coffin, made for the purpose, formed a funeral procession and buried the coffin in Potter's Field, afterwards

returning to present themselves, each with musket in hand, equipped for service in the army.

During the war, when New York was not considered safe, she, with her husband and family, returned to Croton where her childhood was spent, where, being within reach of the American army, it was supposed to be safer; but straggling royalists often annoyed her, and once, on the occasion of a brief absence from home, she and her children returned to find the manor-house a scene of desolation. Not an article of furniture was left but a bedstead, a single glass bottle for drinking purposes, and one ham, which had hung out of sight in the cellar.

She told the American officers—Putnam and Webb—of her plight, and they promised, if she would be satisfied with army supplies, to send her a complete housekeeping outfit. The next day a horseman arrived, carrying a bag on either side of him, filled with all sorts of wooden ware. Some of these articles are still in the keeping of proud descendants. No wounded or hungry soldier ever passed her door, and on one occasion, when her larder had been emptied by the enemy, a Captain of the British service rode up to the house and demanded something to eat. She brought out a loaf of bread and a knife, which she assured him was all she had in the house. "But I will divide this," she said, "you shall

have one-half and I will keep the other for my family," greatly impressing the officer with her generosity.

Indirectly, Cornelia Beekman was the cause of Major André's capture. Lieutenant John Webb, known as "Lieutenant Jack," was occasionally acting aid on Washington's staff, and was much at the Beekman house, which was a meeting-place for many of the American officers. One day he rode by and asked Mrs. Beekman to take charge of his valise, which contained a new uniform and a quantity of gold. He told her he would send for it when he wanted it, but on no account to deliver it without a written order from himself or his brother. No further word was heard of Lieutenant Webb until about two weeks later, when an acquaintance of the Beekmans, by the name of Smith, rode up to the house, and Cornelia Beekman heard him ask her husband for "Lieutenant Jack's" valise. Mr. Beekman ordered a servant to bring it, but Mrs. Beekman called out to ask if the messenger had a written order from either of the Webbs.

"No," the man replied, "they had no time to write one. You know me very well, Mrs. Beekman, and when I assure you that 'Lieutenant Jack' sent me for the valise, you will not refuse to deliver it to me, as he is greatly in need of his uniform."

"I do know you very well," replied Mrs. Beekman, "*too well* to give you up the valise without a written order from the owner or from the Colonel."

Smith was an American, but his loyalty was strongly suspected; indeed, at that very moment Major André, unwittingly trapped in the enemy's country, was in hiding at Smith's house, awaiting some sort of a disguise in which to get away. Smith had heard Lieutenant Webb speak of his valise and its contents, while dining at the Peekskill tavern, the very day he had left it with Mrs. Beekman. As the uniform of an American officer was the very thing for André, Smith made the effort to get it.

He was very angry at Mrs. Beekman's doubts, and even her husband was displeased at her firm stand, but she held her ground and the disappointed messenger rode quickly away. When Lieutenant Webb returned for the valise, the world was ringing with Arnold's treason and André's tragic death, and the young officer thanked the courageous lady for the prudence which had prevented a great disaster. Undoubtedly, if Smith had obtained the uniform, André would have made his escape through the American lines, West Point would have been sold to the English, and a way would have been opened for the conquest of the Colonies. In a word, Corne-

lia Beekman changed the current of history by her firmness and clear judgment, and she lived to see her country on the road to becoming a great nation, dying at the ripe old age of ninety-five years, in 1847.

Mary Murray, who saved General Putnam from a surprise by the British, was also a Daughter of Liberty from New York. Her husband was one of the wealthy men of the city, and owned a beautiful country-place on Murray Hill, about the present site of Park Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street. Mrs. Murray, who was a Miss Lindley—the mother of Lindley Murray, the famous grammarian—belonged to a prominent Quaker family of Philadelphia, where she lived sometime after her marriage to Robert Murray, who was also a Quaker and a loyalist, while his wife was on the side of the Americans.

After the Battle of Long Island, the Americans were in full retreat before the pursuing British, under Lord Howe. Through the city of New York they swept, fiercely chased, and General Putnam had just left Murray Hill to dash back into the city and rally his men, who were in danger of being separated from the main army, already speeding to Harlem Heights, somewhere in the neighborhood of Barnard College and Columbia University.

Dodging the advancing British, he reached the heart of the city just as General Howe and his officers, with their regiments behind them, stopped for rest and refreshment at the Murray mansion. Mrs. Murray, knowing the value of time gained, entertained the General and his staff so lavishly that she detained them two hours or more, giving General Putnam and his forces ample time to get out of gun-range of the pursuing foe. When all was safe, Mrs. Murray, who had been joked by the English officers about her American friends, invited Howe to see the wonderful view from her cupola. He obediently followed her upstairs, and she pointed far away to the lines of buff and blue Continentals, growing ever fainter and fainter in the distance. By this clever stratagem it is universally believed that Mrs. Murray saved this part of the American army.

Last but not least among these Daughters of Liberty stands Betsy Ross, the maker of our first national flag. On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia adopted the following resolutions:

“Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States, be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

In the words of Washington himself:

“We take the star from Heaven, the red from our Mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty.”

The credit of making this first flag was given to Mrs. Betsy Ross, who cleverly combined the required stars and stripes in an attractive manner. The thirteen white stars were arranged in a circle on the blue background—the circle symbolizing the eternity or perpetuity of the union of the states.

Betsy or Elizabeth Griscom was the fifth daughter of Samuel and Rebecca Griscom and was born January 1, 1752. When quite young she married John Ross whose father, Aeneas Ross, was an Episcopal clergyman of New Castle, Delaware, and a nephew of George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; this same George Ross was interested in the furnishing of cannon-balls and other military stores for Colonial defence, and it was while guarding these stores that John Ross, the husband of Betsy, received an injury from which he died in January, 1776, leaving a very young widow, and it was during her widowhood that she made the flag.

Congress appointed General Washington, Colonel George Ross and Robert Morris, a committee

authorized to design a suitable national flag, and they called on Mrs. Ross, who was supporting herself in the upholstery business in Philadelphia. Washington was well acquainted with Mrs. Ross's skill with her needle, having employed her to embroider his shirt ruffles and do other needle work.

When Mrs. Ross was shown the rough drawing of the flag, she objected to the six-pointed stars and suggested five points instead, showing how easy it was to make a five-pointed star by folding a square piece of paper in a certain way, and producing one with a single clip of her scissors. After that she became the national flag maker, and at her death, in 1836, having outlived three husbands, her daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Wilson, succeeded to the business.

The American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association has purchased the historic building where our first flag was made. It is situated at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and recently the Association has turned the house over to the Government as a historic shrine.

To write the full story of these Daughters of Liberty would require many volumes, but even in this limited space the daring women of the West and South must come in for their share of praise. In the West, where Clarke blazed his trail and fought both savages and Tories as he

cut his way through the virgin forest, the women were of the pioneer fibre. The women of Wyoming lived in the midst of slaughter from the day of the Massacre, in July, 1778, until the close of the war.

The women of Kentucky were no less bold and daring, while the women of the South—more delicately nurtured and better bred—showed equal endurance and fortitude. For just before the light of victory there was the darkness of despair; the whole South seemed engulfed in the toils of the British. Still, the women hoped on, prayed on, resolved to struggle to the last, or die as their men did, defending their homes.

CHAPTER X

OUR REVOLUTIONARY NAVY

WE must not forget that our fighting Colonists, who were going through all the perils of war for the liberty of their land, owed the very possession of this land to a hardy race of mariners who had ventured forth, lured by the riches of Cathay, that fabled country which was never discovered until recently, when the long sought-for "passage" between two oceans—our Panama Canal—has opened the way to the wealth of the Indies. It was natural that those Colonists who had settled near the coast should turn to sea-faring; natural, also, that trade should come from abroad to American ports, and that by degrees, craft of all sorts,—merchantmen, fishing vessels, frigates and sloops,—should ride upon the broad Atlantic, from Boston Bay to Charleston Harbor.

England, long mistress of the seas, found that her strongest weapon against her rebellious subjects lay in the strength of her fleet, and America, in Revolutionary days, had no fleet. She had merchantmen, for her trade was brisk,

and she had boats and barges of various sizes and designs for conveying troops from shore to shore. Ships for war she had none, depending upon the ships of England which, according to the naval construction of the day, had reached a high state of perfection.

Congress, in the first unsettled days of the conflict, devoted its whole attention to the arming and equipping of their untrained men, but, in the meantime, Great Britain was sending out her soldiers in powerfully built warships, bristling with big guns, and when the soldiers disembarked, these guns belched forth destruction at whatever port they touched.

As early as October, 1775, the Patriots heard that two British transports, laden with arms and ammunition, were on their way from England to Quebec; and they determined to capture them if possible. On October 13, of the same year, the first naval committee was appointed to equip two swift-sailing vessels, one with ten guns and one with fourteen, "for the purpose of intercepting these, or any other storeships." This was the first step in the building of our navy, and the men who had the task in hand were Silas Deane, John Adams, John Langdon, and later, Christopher Gadsden, who took the place of John Adams. On October 30, two more vessels, one of twenty and one of thirty-six guns, were

made ready, and very shortly the "Marine Board," the "Continental Naval Board" and the "Board of Admiralty" were invested with the power of selecting crews and choosing officers.

On sea as on land, the British were the aggressors; their cruisers had already captured several of our merchantmen, while the town of Falmouth (now Portland), with several other settlements, had been laid in ashes with their guns, and the people were left homeless in midwinter. Instead of quenching the spirit of rebellion among the Colonists, these dastardly acts only produced a deeper sense of resentment, and Congress finally authorized the capture of any armed vessel employed against the Colonies, or of any transport engaged in carrying supplies to the British.

Washington's far-seeing mind had already grasped the situation. It was his original suggestion to Congress that military stores could be captured in this way, and the establishing of some sort of a navy appealed to Congress as a very necessary source of defense. In December, 1775, they ordered the building of five ships of thirty-two guns, five of twenty-eight guns, and three of twenty-four guns, to be ready by the following April, and to be constructed in the specified states: one in New Hampshire, two in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut, two in Rhode Island, two in New York, one in Maryland, and

the others at such places as the committee should appoint.

The names of these ships were *Hancock*, *Randolph*, *Raleigh*, *Warren*, *Washington*, *Congress*, *Effingham*, *Providence*, *Trumbull*, *Virginia*, *Boston*, *Delaware*, and *Montgomery*. The Commander-in-Chief was Esek Hopkins, who received the munificent salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, the salaries descending according to grade, the lowest being that of the ordinary seaman, who received eight dollars monthly. Among the officers there is a long list of well-known names, and that of John Paul Jones is in the group of first lieutenants.

These ships, together with fourteen more of various sizes and dimensions, bought by Congress and altered for war purposes—though none of them were originally planned for war vessels—formed the nucleus for the navy of the Revolution. These ships, which were reconstructed from such merchantmen as the Colonies could secure, were named *Alfred*, *Columbus*, *Lexington*, *Reprisal*, *Cabot*, *Andrea Doria*, *Hamden*, *Providence*, *Independence*, *Sachem*, *Hornet*, *Fly*, *Wasp*, and *Mosquito*.

Congress also resolved "That two battalions of marines be raised to be enlisted and commissioned to serve for and during the present war between Great Britain and the Colonies, and to be con-

sidered as part of the Continental army before Boston; particular care to be taken that no persons be appointed or enlisted into said battalions, but such as are good seamen, so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve with advantage at sea when required."

The officers' uniforms were wonderful combinations of color—blue, red, and yellow—while the marines had green and white. At least, such were the designs of Congress, but it was many years before the fighting Americans on sea or land could afford much elegance of costume.

The first naval expedition of the Revolution set forth from Philadelphia early in January, 1776. It was a small squadron of eight cruisers, and the scene, as Captain Esek Hopkins stepped into his barge at the foot of Walnut Street and made his way through huge pieces of floating ice to his flag-ship, the *Alfred*, must have been most inspiring. The artillery boomed and the multitude cheered, when, on gaining the deck, "Captain Dudley Saltonstall gave the signal, and First Lieutenant John Paul Jones hoisted a yellow silk flag, bearing the device of a pine tree and a rattlesnake, with the motto, 'Don't tread on me.' This was the first flag hoisted on an American man-of-war. The 'Grand Union flag,' with thirteen American stripes, and the English 'Union Jack' in the field, was also displayed."

The destination of this squadron was kept secret, but its mission was for coast protection, to keep the English vessels, still at sea, from landing their cargoes on our shores. So successful was this privateer work that the infant navy grew with marvelous speed. Any boat which could carry and handle a gun was pressed into service, and as our ships grew in size and importance, our officers became men of consequence and daring, and our common sailors became trained gunners, and the English gradually awoke to the fact that American ships were not to be laughed at. When, indeed, instead of keeping these ships at home for the defense of American shores, the Colonies sent them across the ocean to molest the enemy's shores, throwing them into constant alarm and endangering the shipping in their own harbors, the complacent English people began to be seriously troubled. Even the wisest statesman had not foreseen the possibility of an American fleet.

The first American crusier to show herself on the other side of the Atlantic was the sixteen-gun brig, *Reprisal*, under Captain Lambert Wickes. In the summer of 1776, this little vessel had been despatched to Martinique, in the West Indies, to bring back military stores to America, and had proved her prowess in a fight with the sixteen-gun sloop, *Shark*, commanded by

Captain Chapman, in which she succeeded in driving off her assailant.

In the autumn of 1776, the *Reprisal* received orders to take Dr. Franklin to France. On the way, she captured two prizes, and, after landing her passenger safely in the harbor of Nantes, she sailed to the Bay of Biscay, where she captured two more vessels which were secretly sold to the French, the proceeds being delivered to Congress through the American Commissioners, who were much elated over these captures. Franklin wrote home: "We have not the least doubt but that two or three of the Continental frigates sent into the German Ocean with some less swift sailing cruisers, might intercept and seize a great part of the Baltic and Northern trade. . . . One frigate would be sufficient to destroy the whole of the Greenland whale fishery, or take the Hudson Bay ships returning."

So bold were these American privateers that the British Government was severely taxed to protect the home coasts. English trade in the West Indies also suffered. In May, 1777, it was reported that fourteen English ships had been carried as prizes into Martinique, and the number of British vessels captured by the Americans was four hundred and sixty-seven.

The English in the West Indies were terrified. One writes: "God knows, if this American war

continues much longer, we shall all die with hunger. There was a Guineaman that came from Africa with four hundred and fifty negroes, some thousand weight of gold dust, and a great many elephant teeth; the whole cargo being computed to be worth twenty thousand pounds sterling, taken by an American privateer, a brig mounting fourteen cannon, a few days ago."

There now appeared upon the horizon a name which stands in our history, side by side with that of Lafayette. John Paul Jones, a man of the people, a son of the sea, a Scotchman by birth, an American by adoption, came to the aid of the Patriots with his wonderful knowledge of all sea-craft and navigation.

John Paul (which by the way was his full name) was the son of another John Paul, an honest gardener on the estate of the Earl of Selkirk. He was born at Arlingland, in an humble cottage near the shores of the Solway Frith, on July 6, 1747, and beyond that bare fact, history records nothing of his little boyhood. In many ways, John Paul was a person of mystery, while his deeds of daring on the high seas struck such terror to his enemies that they shivered when they heard his name, and looked upon the brave little Commodore as a supernatural being, though in reality he was merely an extraordinary seaman, to whom

experience had taught the value of every wind and tide.

Why he took the name of Jones is as great a mystery as the man himself; from the time he enrolled as First Lieutenant of the newborn navy, he had borne it probably with some whimsical idea that even such a common name could shed a lustre, and it did shine forth as a star of the first magnitude on a page blazoned with the names of famous seamen, such as Williams, Biddle, Mugford, Wickes, Hopkins, Robinson, Barney, and many others known to history.

When he was twelve years old, he was sent to Whitehaven, on the English side of the Frith, and, as was the custom in those days, was bound as an apprentice to a man named Younger, who was engaged in the American trade, and he was sent immediately, in the ship *Friendship*, upon his first voyage to the new land. The destination of the ship happened to be the Rappahannock River, in Virginia, and near by, in the town of Fredericksburg, it so chanced that John Paul's elder brother, William, was married and settled, having made a tidy little fortune through thrift and industry.

Young Paul had all the adventurer's love for America, and while there he spent his time in his brother's family, making the most of his land-leave by studying many things, especially the

science of navigation which had always fascinated him. When he was thirteen, Mr. Younger's failure released him from his apprenticeship, and he was next appointed Third Mate on the slaver, *King George*; when he was nineteen he was promoted to the position of Chief Mate of the slaver, *Two Friends*, a brigantine of Jamaica. But this sort of work was not congenial to the young sailor, who finally withdrew from it, although at that time the slave trade was considered a very fair and honorable mode of business, which was carried on by "gentlemen of substance and station."

After that, he was made Captain of a merchantman, the *John*, engaged in West India trade, and it was on one of these voyages that he was accused of having ordered the merciless flogging of the ship's carpenter, Mungo Maxwell, who afterwards had him summoned before the vice-admiralty court for assault. He was acquitted, however, though as flogging was the most approved method of punishing on board ship in those days, doubtless the Captain of the *John* was within his rights, however cruel.

In the year 1773, while engaged in trading with the Isle of Man, he received news of the death of his brother, William, in Virginia, and he found himself heir to the small estate, of which he took immediate possession; and little more was heard

of him until his adopted country called him to her service.

To those who study American history through the text-books, those naval encounters on that "No-Man's-Land," the sea, occupy so small a space in the actual reading that they are apt to undervalue their influence on the course of the Revolution. The privateers, with their able commanders, harried England's coasts with the persistence of gadflies, and, when the skillful American ship builders began to produce boats worthy of their foe, and to scatter them broadcast over the seas, Congress began to realize that, unless the navy was reinforced, even the bravery and daring of our captains could not make a strong enough stand against the mighty British fleet.

John Paul Jones took the leap from obscurity to renown during the summer of 1776, when he hovered round the Island of Bermuda, on the *Providence*, capturing sixteen prizes. In the autumn, he waylaid the British ships, *Mellish* and *Milford*, bearing off supplies intended for Burgoyne's army. Then he was promoted to the command of the *Ranger*, and, in April, 1778, proceeded to plunder the coasts of Scotland and England, and one of the first places he devastated was the estate of the Earl of Selkirk, the country of his birth.

Perhaps he had a grudge against this Scottish landlord—who can tell! At any rate he returned the family plate to Lady Selkirk, with many “apologies and regrets.” But he continued his bold career of plunder, being considered by the English, whose war-ships were destroying our towns, a very prince of pirates. Jones well knew that he would be strung up to the yard-arm of the first English vessel that captured him, but his great nautical skill made him successful in dodging the English cruisers.

When cornered by the British sloop, *Drake*, the dauntless Commander of the *Ranger* let loose his wrath, and, after an hour’s bloody fighting, the *Drake* struck her colors and surrendered. After this, he raided the coast of Ireland, and then, with his prizes, sailed to the harbor at Brest, where his friends, the Frenchmen, gave him the welcome of a hero, and provided him with a small squadron to bring across the Atlantic to their friends, the Americans, placing him in command.

There were five vessels in the little fleet—the *Alliance*, an American-built ship, with a French captain named Landais, who had many black marks against his name; the *Pallas*, a French merchantman, and two small privateers, the *Cerf* and the *Vengeance*. “The fifth and most important vessel of the squadron,” writes El-

bridge S. Brooks, "was the Admiral's flag-ship. This was a ramshackle and unseaworthy old Indiaman, formerly known as the *Daras*, but rechristened by Jones, in compliment to his friend, Franklin, the *Bonhomme Richard*, the 'Poor Richard' of the homespun philosophy of that day." It was a frigate with two decks, carrying forty guns, hastily armed and equipped, and in no way adapted for any rough usage, and was presented to Jones by the French Government.

In truth, the ill-conditioned little fleet was one of Beaumarchais's investments, thinking that, with a commander like Jones, they would capture rich prizes, a large slice of which would be his. The crews of these ships were strange, villainous-looking specimens, while the captains and officers were very jealous of this young commander and of one another.

Once out of the French ports, Jones well knew that the high seas held terrors for the little fleet, for well-manned and well-armed British vessels were haunting the coast on the lookout for plunder. John Paul Jones felt that the eyes of the world were upon him, and the determination to "make good" steeled the courage of the little Commodore. He knew also that if he fought the English at all, the odds would be against him, for not only were his vessels inferior, but, with the exception of a few picked men gathered

about him on the *Bonhomme Richard*, he could trust neither the commanders nor the crews.

Meanwhile, across the North Sea came sailing forty merchantmen, guarded by two fine English war-ships, the *Serapis*, of forty-four guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, "an armed ship of twenty-six pounders." The moment they hove in sight, the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Pallas* dashed into their midst. But the *Alliance*, with the cowardly traitor, Landais, and the two equally cowardly privateers, steered away from the danger. The English merchantmen hurried into safe harbor, and, while the *Pallas* attacked the *Countess of Scarborough*, the poor old *Richard* fired broadsides at the *Serapis*, thus beginning one of the most remarkable sea-fights in history. As one historian wittily remarks: "It was like a fight between a toothless old mastiff and a stout young bull-dog."

At the first broadside, many of the ancient rusty guns of the *Richard* were disabled, some of them bursting and so frightening the men on board that they refused to work them.

When night fell, the fight was still raging. The two ships had grappled; Jones, with his own hand, had fastened the ropes that hung from the bowsprit of the *Serapis* to the mizzen-mast of the *Bonhomme Richard*, the muzzles of their guns were almost touching, and their yards were all

entangled. The carnage then began, for at night, in a hand to hand struggle, in the fitful glare of torches or lanterns, it was hard even to distinguish friend from foe. The men on the *Serapis* made ready to board the *Bonhomme Richard*, but, when they saw Jones and his men standing on the gangway, pikes in hand, they fell back daunted.

The poor old *Richard* was having a dreadful time; the broadside of the *Serapis* had already torn holes through her side below the water line, and, of her forty guns, only two "spunky nine-pounders" were fit for use. Once, during a lull in the fight, came the voice of Captain Pearson, the English commander, from the deck of the *Serapis*.

"The *Richard* ahoy!" he shouted, "have you struck your colors?"

"No!" came back the historic answer of the gardener's son, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Then the battle went on for three dreadful hours, while the "eighteen-pounders" of the *Serapis* tore the *Richard* almost to shreds; their three "nine-pounders"—they had added one more to the two pieces on the quarter deck—poured their deadly fire onto the deck of the *Serapis*. Finally the side of the *Richard* was battered in, and some of the crew cried for mercy.

"Do you demand quarter?" hailed the English captain.

"No!" thundered the fiery little Commodore.

Then the traitor, Captain Landais, aboard the *Alliance*, got in his good work by firing a broadside straight at the stern of the *Richard*. Again and again this treacherous deed was done, until the old ship, like a wounded thing, was bleeding at every pore. Fire burst out, the pumps stopped, and the leaks gained rapidly; the *Richard* was sinking. Again there was a cry for quarter, and a gunner ran to cut away the colors, but a shot from the *Serapis* carried away both the ensign staff and the gunner. Even the prisoners aboard the *Richard* were set free by some traitor's hand. But John Paul Jones fought on, driving the terrified prisoners to work the pumps in order to keep the vessel afloat.

At last the end came; some of the sailors on the mainyard of the *Richard* dropped their handgrenades through the open hatchway of the *Serapis*, exploding a powder chest and demoralizing the crew. Then Jones aimed a double-headed shot at the mainmast of the *Serapis*, which stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight, and in the glare of the burning shrouds. It was that shot which won the day. The main-

mast of the *Serapis* fell with a crash, the British colors were struck—and John Paul Jones was victor!

We look back upon these bloody sea-fights with something of a shudder, but, after all, was it more savage than the sea fighting of to-day? Then the quarter decks were the battle-ground; men fought and died and were thrown into the sea; it was cruel, it was barbarous but it was soon over. Now, the big battleships fight at long range, the giant guns send forth a thousand deaths in every sullen boom; then, through the water glides a trailing hidden serpent, and zip! a torpedo strikes the ship with the deadly guns, and slowly but surely she sinks, this glorious handiwork of man, and all on board go down in a death struggle, with a force far greater and more deadly than the hand to hand grapple with human foes!

Even in the moment of victory the little Commodore was stricken with grief, for the good *Bonhomme Richard* slowly sank before his eyes—no power could save her. But she had done her work, and, as the waters closed over her, the air rang with shouts of triumph, for the American colors were flying, and the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* were rich prizes to carry to American shores. The Captain of the *Alliance* would have been court-martialed for his treach-

ery, but he became violently insane and was heard of no more.

This was only one of the many gallant sea-fights that helped to secure freedom for the American Colonies. Jones's victory stands out from all others because only an accomplished mariner could have kept such an old hulk as the *Bonhomme Richard* afloat under such a terrific strain, and when he heard that Captain Pearson had been knighted by King George for his gallant defense of the *Serapis*, he exclaimed: "Well, if I ever meet the Commodore again, I'll make a lord of him." It pleased our little Commodore to be sarcastic.

Wonderful were the feats of many captains in those stirring times. Captain Lambert Wickes spread havoc in the Irish Channel and the Bay of Biscay, but he and his crew lost their lives in a shipwreck off the rocky coast of Newfoundland on their homeward cruise. Captain Mugford, another intrepid commander, in his little cruiser of fifty tons, captured a British ship of three hundred tons, and carried it safely into Boston, under the very guns of the English squadron. Mugford was afterwards surrounded by thirteen boats from the British fleet, and after sharp fighting fell mortally wounded, but with his last breath he shouted: "I am a dead man, but you can beat them. Don't give up the vessel."

Seth Harding and Samuel Smedley, with their little fleet of four schooners and a brig, captured three armed English transports and five hundred prisoners off Cape Cod.

Nicholas Biddle, another brave American commander on board the *Andrea Doria*, took so many British prizes off the New England coast "that he reached port with only five of his original crew." The exploits of Captain Gustavus Connyngham became almost as celebrated as those of John Paul Jones, and the accounts of his adventures were considered almost too romantic to be true.

In 1778 Captain John Barry did some dashing work along the water front of Philadelphia. He was commanding the *Effingham*, one of the vessels which had been trapped in the Delaware by the unexpected occupation of Philadelphia by the British. To be shut up in port was a great vexation to Barry whose fighting blood was up. He was in charge of all the imprisoned frigates and he knew it would be madness to take them down the stream, though he rightly thought a few light boats might get the sailors out of the harbor, and intercept some of the incoming provision boats. Accordingly four boats manned with well armed crews and muffled oars set out on a dark night to patrol the river. Philadelphia was reached and well nigh passed, when one of the

British men-of-war gave the alarm. The sailors bent to their oars and under cover of the darkness were able to get way down the river. Finally Barry spied a large schooner escorting four heavily laden transport ships and, though it was broad daylight, he succeeded in running his boats alongside of the schooner, and before the Englishmen knew what had happened the Americans clambered over the decks and took possession. When Barry ordered the prisoners to come on deck it was found that one major, two captains, three lieutenants, ten soldiers, and about a hundred sailors and marines had surrendered to about thirty American sailors. Barry had hard work keeping his prizes and was obliged to sink the schooner in order to escape a pursuing frigate, and the captured transports, defended by Captain Middleton, whom Barry had left in charge, were also recovered by the British, Middleton receiving a mortal wound. But Barry's daring exploit won the admiration not only of his countrymen but of the British as well, who offered him money and the command of a vessel if he would come over to their side. "Not the value and command of the whole British fleet," wrote Barry in reply "can seduce me from the cause of my country."

These rover captains and their vessels did such damage that England began to fear this menace

of the sea. But our cruisers guarding our own coasts were not only inferior to the British men-of-war, but there were not enough of them to give our harbors protection in case of a land fight. This was the secret of Washington's defeat on Long Island, and of his forced retreat to the heights along the Hudson. The British, protected by their ships, could enter New York and hold it; the Americans could not attempt to storm the city unless they had enough fighting ships at command to engage the British ships in the harbor.

In 1778, the French had sent a fleet of twelve men-of-war and four frigates to the aid of the Americans. They sailed from Toulon on April 13, 1778, and were under the command of Comte d'Estaing, whose early years had been passed as a soldier, and who, late in life, transferred his services to the sea. He was conscientious, but neither a daring nor a skillful admiral, and the help on which both Washington and Lafayette had counted so hopefully seemed to be more of a hindrance, for, from the arrival of the fleet on July 7, 1778, to the departure for France, on October 8, 1779, after its failure to capture Newport, one disaster had followed upon the heels of another and in spite of the French alliance and pledges of help, nothing had been accomplished. Washington, whose dauntless resolution had

never wavered, took a very gloomy view of the future.

He declared: "If the enemy have it in their power to press us hard in this campaign, I know not what may be the consequence. Our army, as it now stands, is little more than the skeleton of an army." The treasury too was quite depleted, and if help did not come at once, the Colonies must give up the fight.

At this point Lafayette, with his unfailing courage and energy, came to the rescue. He asked Congress for a leave of absence and permission to go to France on a furlough. Washington strongly advised Congress to grant his request, firmly believing that the young officer's powers of persuasion would do more than anything else to convince his country of America's dire need.

Congress, fully appreciating his services, not only granted the furlough, but presented him with a handsome sword, and the frigate *Alliance* was ordered to France in order to carry him home. This was the reason that the *Alliance* was in the French port when John Paul Jones and his little squadron set forth on their adventures. Lafayette had arrived in France in February, 1779, after a most thrilling voyage. As a compliment to the Marquis, Congress had given the command of the ship to Captain Pierre Landais, a fellow

countryman, who as we have seen was later guilty of insubordination and treachery, to John Paul Jones, his superior officer.

The ship itself, a thirty-two gun frigate, had received its name in honor of the recently signed treaty with France. It was at the last moment found very difficult to man such a large vessel, and, having as prisoners some English seamen from the *Somerset*, which had been wrecked the year before on the coast of New England, the authorities of Massachusetts offered them their liberty if they would serve on the *Alliance* on her passage to France. The offer was accepted, and these men, with some French sailors and some American volunteers, made up the crew of the *Alliance*, which sailed from Boston, January 11, 1779.

The Americans were very timid about putting General Lafayette into the care of such ill-assorted men, for it was known that Parliament had passed a bill encouraging sailors on American ships, to rise on their officers, offering a reward if they succeeded in bringing the vessel into an English port, and it seems that the men on board the *Alliance* began to plan mutiny before they had been out many days; it was a well-laid diabolical scheme. The officers, the surgeon, the carpenter and the gunners were to be killed; the lieutenants had either to navigate the ship to the nearest

English port or to "walk the plank"—while the passengers, including Lafayette, were to be handed over as prisoners, to the English.

The conspirators expected to act on the night of February 1, but they postponed their little frolic until four o'clock the next day, for there was one seaman whose unusual knowledge of navigation would be a great help, if they could induce him to work with them. They thought, from his brogue, that he was an Irishman, but in truth he was an American, and had appeared to favor their scheme, in order to give full information to the officers. So closely was he watched that it was but an hour from the appointed time, before he could have one word with the officer on deck, and he had a few moments in which to disclose the plot and name some faithful men who could be relied upon. Shortly before four o'clock, the officers, passengers, and the French and American sailors rushed on deck, fully armed, and overwhelmed the mutineers, who begged for mercy; they were put in irons for the rest of the voyage, and were imprisoned on their arrival at Brest, but Lafayette would not hear of any further punishment.

Lafayette found himself a hero when he arrived in France, and he made use of his popularity in getting help for the Americans. So well and so faithfully did he work during his few months'

stay in France, that he returned in April, 1780, with the promise of 12,000 men and a strong fleet "to be completely subordinate to Washington, and thus the combined armies would succeed in dealing England a blow where she would most feel it."

On July 10, 1780, Admiral Ternay arrived at Newport with seven ships of the line and three frigates carrying 6,000 men, under the command of Count Rochambeau. This was half the number of men promised; the other 6,000 were blockaded in Brest harbor and never got away. The French fleet was tied up in Narragansett Bay by a strong British squadron, and it took Count Rochambeau a whole year to put his force into active service.

It was after a conference with the French general at Hartford, that Arnold's treason was discovered and filled the land with horror. Meanwhile, time was not wasted; a better understanding sprang up between the French and American officers, and plans for the coming campaign were discussed and matured, Washington and his generals deciding to change the point of attack from the North to the South, where General Greene and his division were having some serious fighting. This resolution was strengthened as the months wore on. When the campaign of 1781 opened, the French and American armies

were at last side by side. The American forces rested on the Hudson, while the French forces were at their left, reaching out to the Bronx. Rochambeau's headquarters were at Hart's Corners, near where the line of the Harlem Railroad was afterwards built.

Rochambeau and Washington soon became the warmest of friends; the precise Frenchman and the formal American found much in common, although at first their conversation was carried on with Lafayette as a go-between, for Rochambeau could speak no English, and Washington could speak no French. Rochambeau had the greatest respect for Washington's military powers, and was a big enough man to put himself and his command entirely under the General's orders.

For a long time the two generals and their armies hesitated about leaving such a big venture as the taking of New York, for they were encamped within easy marching distance, but their decision was finally made, when, on August 14, news was received that the Comte de Grasse, with a powerful fleet, had sailed from France for Chesapeake Bay. This settled the disputed question. Clinton in New York was a rich prize to be sure, but the British ships in the harbor were a terrible menace, while Cornwallis in Virginia, his troops sated with victory at every turn, had relied foolishly upon the land force, and never dreamed

that the naval force of the French was quietly massing for the purpose of shutting him off from outside help. Slowly but surely, with as little confusion and as much secrecy as possible, the American and French forces quietly withdrew from the Hudson, crossing over into New Jersey without any opposition, completely deceiving the British army by building ovens and gathering provisions as if for a long campaign. Even when the army moved it was thought they were merely preparing for an attack on Staten Island.

It was not until the American and French armies were marching through Philadelphia that Clinton awoke to the fact that Washington had slipped by and was on his way to Yorktown. For the first time his naval strategy had failed him. At the supreme moment the sea-power was in the hands of the allies, who were concentrated in Chesapeake Bay. For Washington had learned the great lesson of war, the great dependence of a nation's army upon its navy. The spirit of patriotism burned anew among the soldiers as they marched on southern soil, while the ships' guns boomed their welcome from afar.

CHAPTER XI

FROM LEXINGTON TO YORKTOWN

SIX years had passed from the time the "minute men" of Massachusetts routed the British regulars at Lexington and Concord Bridge—six years of the most stubborn fighting known in the world's history. In this time America had found herself; she was not only the cradle of the new republic, but she was the land of heroes, springing fully armed on the blood-stained fields, after every hard-fought, hard-won victory.

The brave Montgomery, who met his death in the siege of Quebec, was on the laurel-crowned list and was killed while leading his men to the assault on the last day of that eventful year of 1775. It was there that Benedict Arnold, heroically rallying his men, received a wound in the knee which crippled him for life, and was compelled to leave the field. Better far had he fallen where he stood—never to rise again!

Day after day, men were doing deeds that rang through the world. Warren had fallen at Bunker Hill; Prescott had brought his handful

of men out of the very jaws of the enemy; Putnam was riding recklessly from one redoubt to the other, while bullets whizzed about his sturdy frame and his galloping steed.

Washington was patiently waiting his hour of triumph at the siege of Boston, battling more fiercely with his undisciplined troops, with his enemies in Congress, and with his enemies in camp, than with his British foes. Again we see him at Valley Forge, sharing the hardships of his men, and, after the Long Island defeat, steadily retreating along the shores of the Hudson, calm and unafraid at every crisis, not to be moved from any path where duty called, and faithful to his great trust until the very last.

With him, shoulder to shoulder, were such men as Nathanael Greene, Generals Sullivan, Schuyler, Knox, Morgan, Wayne and Putnam—men to be relied on in any emergency, of unquestioned loyalty and unfaltering patriotism, while at their command, by slow degrees, grew an army of sturdy soldiers, the result of Baron Steuben's military training. From the ragged host at Valley Forge had emerged this stalwart body of fighting men, and each day new companies, drilled and equipped as well as Congress's short purse strings would allow, found their places in the ranks.

So far the fighting was confined to the sea-coast. The sea-board states were threatened by England's ships, and English vessels had landed men and stores and ammunition at unguarded ports, for the army was as yet too young and untried, and far too limited in numbers to stretch a line of protection from Massachusetts Bay to Charleston Harbor. Consequently towards the South, which was in a measure unprotected, the British determined to turn their attention, as well as towards the western frontier, which was thinly settled by a band of pioneer woodsmen, who had chopped their way through the forest and had built a half-a-dozen block-houses and settlements, on which the present state of Kentucky was founded. This country was separated from the seaboard states, by a mountain range and an almost trackless wilderness. The pioneers of this new land were bold hunters and adventurers, who knew well how to build and how to protect their homes.

The British now planned a campaign which was a blot upon their honor. They determined to unite all the tribes of wild Indians against these border Americans, to send them forth on savage warfare, and they were successful in massing the Northwestern and Western tribes to do this bloody work. The man who was entrusted with this Indian warfare was Henry

Hamilton, Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest, with headquarters at Detroit, and in 1776 he turned the savages loose upon the American border.

It was a cruel, dastardly war, not on armies, but on farmers, woodsmen and hunters, with their wives and families, and the Indians were rewarded for burning, pillaging and slaughtering, earning their wages by showing what they had done. They were paid so much per scalp, and Hamilton, hated and despised by the frontiersmen, was nicknamed the "Hair-buyer." For two years the Indians did their work on the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, but in spite of the dreadful carnage and the awful horror of it all, not a block-house was taken. The women fought for their homes as stubbornly as the men and side by side, while under such leaders as Daniel Boone, Logan, Kenton, and many others, the little band finally came out victorious, though they paid the price with the lives of those nearest and dearest to them.

There is no honor-roll for such heroes as these; only the wild forest animals and the raging savages saw the fine courage of these men and women who determined to hold this virgin land which was theirs by right of possession. So they clung to their forts, willing to die in their defense, until the desolating hand of the Indians had

ceased their direful work. But there was one man among them who was not only thinking of defense, but of pushing out towards the farther West, towards the edge of the great wilderness between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, where lay the old French settlements, which had passed into the hands of the British after the conquest of Canada. The name of this man was George Rogers Clark, a Virginian by birth, and at the time of the Indian massacres, about twenty-five years of age. His idea was, that instead of staying home to defend Kentucky, the enemy would be seriously weakened if the pioneers carried the war into their country, and tried to win over the French inhabitants, thus breaking into the Indian campaign, and probably by fair speech winning over some of the Indians as well. Besides, he knew that the vast Illinois country would be a valuable addition to the American territory, could the Patriots succeed in conquering it.

His far-reaching mind planned quickly, and he worked in secret. He chose two young hunters to find their way to the Illinois country and bring him information. He learned from them that the French, though they sometimes fought with the English, took little interest in the struggle, but they were rather afraid of the American woodsmen. This encouraged Clark

to think that a certain amount of persuasion would give them the French as allies, especially as it was well known that France, the Mother Country, strongly sympathized with the struggling Colonies.

To invade a country, however, required men and money, and so, saying nothing of his plans, he decided to go back to Virginia and appeal for aid and support to Patrick Henry who had been appointed Governor of the Colony. He could not have gone to a better person. If ever a man was misplaced in the service of his country, that man was Patrick Henry. The eloquence which had roused the people of Virginia—that resounding voice which thundered “we must fight!” had been carefully guarded for the councils of state. Henry’s dearest wish had been to take the field, but like many of the other patriotic statesmen, he was not allowed to see active duty. So the ardent young Virginian, full of his scheme for the opening of the Northwest, found a sympathizer in the great Governor, who permitted him to raise men for the relief of Kentucky, with secret orders to invade Illinois, and last, but not least, provided him with a very small amount of money.

Everything depended on Clark’s own energy and influence, and so well did he work that he succeeded in raising a hundred and fifty men,

and in the spring of the year the little company, consisting besides, of a few families of settlers, started in flat boats down the Ohio River. Reaching the Falls of the Ohio, Clark left the families behind, to form a settlement, the beginning of the City of Louisville, and here he heard to his delight, that the Alliance Treaty had been signed in Paris, and he felt sure, consequently, that the French people in the Illinois country would rally around him.

He was joined at the settlement by a band of Kentuckians under Kenton, one of the frontier leaders, and when every preparation had been made, Clark picked from his men, only those who could stand the utmost fatigue and hardship, and formed them into four companies. He procured boats, and with as little baggage as possible, the party went down the river, landing opposite the mouth of the Tennessee. There they fell in with some American hunters, who had explored the country and knew the way to Kaskaskia, the village which Clark wished to attack. Here Rocheblave, the Commandant who was in the British service, was well fortified, and the militia was well drilled, in short they were in readiness for any attack.

The French in the town had been taught to dread the Americans, and if Clark wished to use them as allies, he felt that he had to approach

them carefully. His plan was first to thoroughly frighten the French, and then show them that the Americans meant them no harm, and perhaps this unexpected behavior would have the proper effect. But to accomplish this purpose the town must be taken by surprise. After incredible hardships, the little band reached the Kaskaskia River just three miles from the town, on July 4, 1777. Clark procured boats to ferry his men across the river in complete darkness and in utter silence. On landing they formed in two divisions; one surrounding the little town, and the other following Clark to the fort where he placed his riflemen, and then led by one of the prisoners he had taken on his march, he himself slipped through the postern.

He found the great hall of the fort ablaze with light, where music and dancing were the order of the night, and all were so eager and joyous they failed to notice Clark's silent figure as he stood with folded arms and watched the dancers. An Indian, crouching in the corner, more alert than the rest, was the first to catch sight of him, and springing to his feet, he gave the war-whoop. Instantly there was a commotion; the women screamed in terror, for Clark looked grim and war-like as he stood there in his frontier dress of fringed buckskin. He told them not to be frightened but to go on dancing, only to re-

member they were under American rule, and no longer British subjects. Then his men burst into the fort, and all the military officers, including Rocheblave himself, were captured.

The surprise was so complete that not only the fort, but the whole town of Kaskaskia surrendered to this handful of men. Clark, making a pretense of having an overwhelming force, placed guards in every street and ordered everyone to keep in their houses, under pain of death. He meant to terrify the people, and he succeeded, for the next day a committee of the chief men of the town waited on him to beg that he would at least spare their lives. He answered that he had not come there to kill, but to give liberty to the sons of France, whose King was now the ally of the Americans. All he asked was that they too should join the Republic and help to fight for freedom.

The French, having no great love for their English masters, were soon convinced, especially as Clark promised them full religious freedom, winning over their priest to his side. Rocheblave alone proved stubborn, so he was sent a prisoner to Virginia, from which he afterwards escaped. Two other towns, Cahokia and Vincennes, eagerly accepted the American rule and raised the flag, and Clark found himself master of a vast country,

with less than two hundred men to hold it, and even these were threatening to leave. He persuaded a hundred to remain, and then he told the French that he meant to go too; at this they implored him to stay and promised to furnish him with all the men he needed. That was what he wanted, and while he was drilling his French recruits, he turned his attention to the Indians, calling a great council of the chiefs at Cahokia. Here he had to work with much caution, but he succeeded at last in breaking up the English confederacy and securing pledges of peace from the Indians.

Meantime Hamilton, hearing of the American invasion, marched against Vincennes with a large force, sending French couriers ahead to recall the Indians to their allegiance. After a long and toilsome journey from Detroit, he reached Vincennes with a force of five hundred English, French, and Indians, and the town was once more his. This was on December 17, and the winter coming on them. Hamilton decided not to move against Kaskaskia until the spring. It was a perilous undertaking to march into the winter wilderness, so he sent back most of his men to Detroit, with orders to return in the spring with a powerful force of a thousand men. But Clark had no idea of waiting to be overwhelmed by numbers at Kaskaskia; he decided to march

at once and attack Hamilton at Vincennes, a distance of two hundred and forty miles.

He sent a galley with guns to watch the Wabash River and cut off British reinforcements, and he and his men started merrily on their march. For the first week all went well; then they came to the Little Wabash River and found the branches swelled to a mighty stream, five miles wide. Undaunted, Clark set to work and succeeded in having his little force ferried over, landing on a spot very near Vincennes, too near indeed to be able to shoot game in the forest near by. They were close enough to hear the morning and evening guns from the fort, and so were obliged to observe the greatest caution.

The country was flooded, for a thaw had set in and the men struggled on, knee-deep in the water. They reached the Wabash River on February 20, 1777, and once more Clark was successful in having both men and baggage ferried across. Again they found flooded land, but they plunged in knee-deep, waist-deep, breast-deep; they were then on the same side of the river as Vincennes, and but a few miles away. Clark cheered them on, no longer the taciturn leader, but the gay comrade, putting strength and courage into those who faltered. The men followed him single file; twenty-five trusted men

brought up the rear, who had orders to shoot any man who tried to desert.

At last Vincennes was reached. Clark sent a prisoner ahead to announce his coming. The French retreated to their houses, terror-stricken. The Indians, though some held aloof, were impressed by the American leader's confident manner and offered to help him. Hamilton was completely surprised and the British were soon closely besieged in the fort. After sharp fighting Hamilton at last surrendered, and he and his men were made prisoners of war; most of them were paroled, but Hamilton was too big a prize; he was sent to Virginia with twenty-seven of his comrades. He had grown to be the terror of the country and with his removal the frightful border warfare was at an end. George Rogers Clark, the savior of the West, has his place in the ranks of the nation's heroes. He was one among that band of independent leaders, like Marion, Sumter, Pickens, and "Light Horse" Harry Lee, who by their brilliant and unexpected sallies did so much to intimidate and weaken the enemy.

England, with the arrogance of a great power striving to break the will of her rebellious subjects, never imagined that the Indian raids on the western border could possibly end in defeat. She was quite certain that Hamilton was anni-

hilating the helpless settlers, in the most satisfactory way, and so the Ministry decided also to let loose the Indians on the western border of the Southern states. In this way the King hoped to conquer the Southern Colonies, and accordingly they started by stirring up civil strife in the Carolinas and Georgia, and sending a force from New York under Colonel Campbell to invade Georgia.

The Patriots in the South were totally unprepared, for the country was full of royalists and the British were determined to be utterly without mercy, to destroy all property and plunder at their will. For a while the stunned and bleeding South was at the mercy of the enemy, the people of Georgia seemed wholly in the power of the British, who seized their slaves and sold them, stole their valuables and wrecked their homes. All the ferocity of the English bull-dog was let loose in this southern country, and for a while the people were dazed, but resistance flamed out at last—a resistance seasoned by hate, and a sense of wrong, suffering, and cruelty. Outrages unheard of in the North were perpetrated in the South, because the country was unprepared for war, and Washington, great as he was, could not be in two places at once. Their trials culminated in the taking of Charleston, South Carolina, by Clinton and his English troops. On May 12,

the gallant little city surrendered, and General Lincoln, the brave, patriotic, painstaking, but blundering American leader, was made a prisoner of war with his entire army.

This fatal blow left no "centre of resistance" in the South. No American army was in the field, while the English streamed out in all directions. One body of soldiers marched up the Savannah to Augusta, another took the post in Ninety-Six, and still another under the lead of Tarleton, the Tory free-lance, fell upon a portion of the Virginia militia intended for the relief of Charleston, and massacred them after they surrendered. To cap the climax, the King issued a proclamation on June 1, 1779, offering pardon to all who submitted to English rule, and on June 3, Clinton issued another, declaring that all who failed to take the oath of allegiance would be treated as rebels, and their lives would pay the forfeit.

Three weeks after the fall of Charleston, Sir Henry Clinton wrote to England: "I may venture to assert that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us." This seemed, indeed, to be the case. Many of the people, stunned by the surrender of the capital, were ready to yield and accept British rule in silence, and others if not loyal at least would have been neutral; but

the British commanders offered no half measures, and to the spirited South Carolinians with a spark of patriotism in their bosoms, only one course remained—to fight for liberty if they could not have it any other way. So little by little, independent leaders gathered around them, bands of determined men, and guerilla warfare ran riot through the South.

These guerilla troops obeyed no orders save those of their leaders; they were bands of raiders who scoured the country and brought the enemy to bay in unexpected places, galloping over hill and dale, intent upon destruction. Tarleton and his men were Tory guerillas; Marion and his men were Patriot guerillas, as were also Sumter and Pickens. A captured guerilla was shown no mercy, no matter how brave and how daring; he was lawless, and death was sure to be his sentence. The brave men, therefore, who were denied the right to live because they would not pass under England's yoke, rose in all directions, determined to fight England to the death.

Arming themselves they took to the woods and swamps and became renowned in that down-trodden country. Looking about for a leader, these men found Francis Marion, who soon grew to be the terror of the enemy, who both hated and feared the "Swamp Fox" as they called him. He had been serving with Lincoln when a

broken ankle sent him from Charleston before it surrendered. Marion was of Huguenot descent and was a seasoned soldier, having seen service in the old French war, knowing besides every twist and turning of the country. At his back thronged a strong host, men who had their own wrongs as well as those of their country to avenge.

Thomas Sumter was another free lance, also like Marion, a soldier of the old French war, a Virginian by birth, a Colonel of a Continental regiment. His grievance was the grievance of many. The British had turned his wife out of doors and burned his house. This was enough for the bold leader; he gathered about him a following of men with wrongs like his to avenge, and he overran the country, spreading terror among the English and stirring renewed hope in the hearts of the despairing Patriots who rallied in vast numbers to the standards of these free-booters. "The war was spreading, the people were taking up arms, and Cornwallis, instead of being able to invade North Carolina—confident in the possession of South Carolina and Georgia—found that as he advanced, the country behind him broke out in revolt and that he really had little more than the ground which he could occupy."

But the disaster at Charleston was a terrible blow to the Americans. Washington had long

before urged Lincoln to evacuate, and the British had long since shown what a bad thing it was to hold and garrison the cities, but they had been allowed to evacuate Boston without bloodshed, and when hard pressed in Philadelphia, Howe had departed without any serious loss. In Charleston, however, the Americans were at the mercy of their captors.

Before the fall of Charleston, Washington had sent reinforcements under Baron De Kalb, and some three or four hundred of the Virginia militia joined the Continental forces. It was late June when De Kalb reached North Carolina, where he found no provision made for the army, and a very undisciplined body of militia. Still there was at least the beginning of an army. What they needed was a good general; Washington suggested Greene, but Congress decided in favor of Gates, whom they persisted in believing had beaten Burgoyne in Saratoga. There Schuyler prepared the way for victory, and both the people and the army were elated and full of hope.

In the Carolinas the people had been stunned by disaster, the country had been burned and sacked and looked desolate and down-trodden. It was a situation which called for ability which Gates did not possess. One historian tells us that the only intelligent step he took was to

send Marion out to watch the enemy while he set the army in motion towards Camden. Naturally, when he arrived the partisan leaders were under his command but instead of keeping them close to the lines as guides to his men, to whom this new country was a pitfall of swamps and bogs, he allowed Sumter for instance, to take eight hundred men in order to cut off the British baggage train, and thus on the eve of battle he deprived himself of his very best fighters in the South. Worst of all, he had no idea how many men he had under his command. He thought he had seven thousand, but the actual count was three thousand and fifty-two, and many of these were "green" recruits who had never before reached the firing-line.

The American camp besides was overrun with English spies, who knew exactly the strength and weakness of the whole command. To crown all, Cornwallis arriving in the English camp, determined to surprise the Americans and began to march August 15. Gates knowing nothing of the advancing British, marched on the same day straight into their arms. Then ensued the rout of the American army. Colonel Stevens of Virginia, a brave man, called the soldiers cowards, but he forgot that the unsteadiness of perfectly green militia is well known, and half the troops had never before faced fire.

But the fault lay with the General and not the men; Gates placed his poorest troops in front and they went down before the enemy. In this battle De Kalb, wounded eleven times, died a prisoner in the hands of the British, and the American loss was eight hundred. Cornwallis himself lost four hundred—a big break in his ranks, but the American army was utterly broken and dispersed. Even Sumter lost half of his men, and “rode into Charlotte alone, without a saddle, and hatless,” but with his usual energy he set to work to recruit another regiment which was soon in fighting trim.

This was the darkest hour of the Revolution; the three Southern Colonies were conquered, if not subdued, and everything seemed clear for Cornwallis to march upon Virginia, that great state, one of the ringleaders of the rebellion. But just here came the turn of the tide; Cornwallis seeing how well guerilla warfare worked among the Southern leaders, stirred up his own free lances and sent Colonel Patrick Ferguson, a gallant officer, to trample out the last vestige of rebellion in the conquered states before going forward to Virginia. Cruger at the head of a band of loyalists had just defeated the Americans under Clark, in their attack on Augusta, and Ferguson's orders were to sweep along the borders of the Carolinas. He was a brilliant

soldier and ranked with Tarleton in his daring methods; but he was more merciful, and while thinking he was within his rights to hang "rebels" whom he caught fighting against their King, he did not massacre his prisoners as Tarleton did.

Just back of the coast which Ferguson had orders to devastate, were the mountains beyond which lay the settlements of Franklin and Holston, the future state of Tennessee. The settlers were the same type of pioneers as those who had fought with Boone and Clark in Kentucky. Ferguson paused long enough at the foot of the mountains to send a message to these people telling them that if they dared to send any aid to the people on the border, he would penetrate the hills and destroy their villages. He could not have sent a more deliberate challenge, and the sturdy farmers were not likely to let it go by. As a matter of fact they had taken very little part in the war.

Isaac Shelby had crossed the mountains with two hundred men to help the Carolinas, but that was all. These men of the West had all they could do to beat off the Indians, and even while farming, they always had their rifles within reach. So when they heard Ferguson's threats they did not wait for him to come and ravage their homes, they decided to go out and meet him. Shelby was the first to hear the

news and he rode hot haste with it to Sevier, the county Lieutenant, and together the two determined men roused the country, and the settlers made ready for battle.

On September 25, they began to assemble at Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga, four hundred Virginians under William Campbell; five hundred men from the more Southern settlements under Shelby and Sevier, and one hundred and sixty refugees under MacDowell of North Carolina. The expedition was blessed by a stern old Presbyterian minister, and the strange looking army "clad in buckskin shirts and fringed leggings, without a tent, a bayonet, or any baggage, and with hardly a sword among the officers, went forth to do battle and smite the foe with the sword of the Lord and Gideon."

Every man was mounted and all had rifles, knives, and tomahawks. Every man was a fighter, and as they heard the foe gathering in numbers at every step, Shelby bade them remember "that each man must be his own officer, fight for his own hand, draw off if need be, but never leave the field, and when they met the British 'give them Indian play.' "

So these grim warriors rode in pursuit of Ferguson, coming up with him at King's Mountain. He was encamped on a spur of the mountain, which the mountain men surrounded, and here

was fought one of the most thrilling battles of the war. It reads like a story, for there were gallantry and bravery on both sides, but the decisive blow was struck when Ferguson fell, pierced by half-a-dozen bullets. His figure had been the target of every man and his death was the crowning blow to the enemy; half the British regulars were killed and the rest were scattered.

The victory of King's Mountain appalled Cornwallis; he was afraid the frontiersmen would pour down upon the main army. But he was mistaken; they had hunted down and killed the man who had threatened their homes; they had wiped out his army, and having accomplished what they had set out to do, they turned back again to their Western forests which swallowed them completely. But they left behind them a monument of their bravery in this victory, which proved in truth the golden key to freedom.

Cornwallis had lost one of the most important parts of his army, and his advance through North Carolina to Virginia was checked; he was forced to retreat from Charlotte, and this in the face of constant firing along the road. Added to which Marion and his men had taken the field, and though Tarleton went after him, the "Swamp Fox" was too slippery. Cornwallis meantime had reached Winnsborough, a little

town near Camden, and Sumter was again in the saddle intercepting the army supplies, attacking the loyalist militia; strong enough this time to beat Tarleton at his own game. With these two men, ever active, ever watchful, the English general began to lose hope of holding the interior country.

The spirits of the Americans rose with the victory at King's Mountain, but though it turned the tide, it had been won by a set of independent fighters who had disappeared as swiftly as they had come. Though the Patriots were jubilant, they knew they could not free the South from its bondage without a regular army. Two armies had already been destroyed, now Congress was about to make another attempt. This time they allowed Washington to choose a Commander, and he selected Greene for the mighty task, sending him with only three hundred and fifty men from the Continental troops, feeling sure, as he said, that Greene had power to make an army wherever he went. The new Commander lost no time in presenting his needs to Congress. He wanted money, men, stores, and arms, and authority, above all. They gave him Steuben to form his army. They gave him all they could, and Greene, who never rested, begged and borrowed in all directions. He also persuaded Congress to give

him Henry Lee, known as "Light-Horse Harry," as Lieutenant Colonel of a body of Cavalry, and having set all these things in motion he journeyed South to take command.

He visited the legislatures of Delaware and Maryland on his way, obtaining many promises from these states. He pressed forward to Richmond where Jefferson, then Governor, promised him all the help Virginia could give. He wasted no time in words but he worked with an energy which soon began to tell. Unlike Gates, the first thing he did was to count his army and then he proceeded to discipline the men. The first man among the militia to go home without permission, was shot as a deserter, there was no fooling this time. While organizing the army, he examined the country. He pitched his camp on the fertile meadows of the Pedee, and marshalled his troops in daily drill. It was a weak and broken army, but there was hope in it, for Greene had chosen his officers with care. Right at hand he had found John Eager Howard, Colonel Otho Williams of Maryland, and William Washington of Virginia, a cousin of the General, while Harry Lee who had come with him, was reckoned the most brilliant cavalry officer of the Revolution.

These officers were brave, experienced, patriotic gentlemen, representing the aristocracy

of the South, but there was another higher still in military rank, though his blood was not so blue perhaps. This was General Daniel Morgan, born in New Jersey, the son of a poor Welsh emigrant who, beginning life as a day laborer and wagon driver, and having many adventures in his rugged career, settled finally in Virginia where he became a steady, hardworking planter and a friend of Washington. He took active part in the many Colonial wars and when the Revolution came, Washington recognizing his ability, trusted him far beyond many a man of longer pedigree. In the early part of the war, after the defeat of Burgoyne in which he had taken a prominent part, Congress did not reward him as he deserved, so he retired to his home in Virginia, but after the defeat at Camden he cast aside his resentment and once more gave his services to the sorely-pressed country, proving an invaluable aid.

With all these officers, with Greene in Command, with Steuben drilling and recruiting, it is small wonder that in the next engagement, the battle of the Cowpens, the Americans swept everything before them. The Cowpens was a place midway between Spartenberg and the Cherokee ford of the Broad River where cattle were rounded up and branded. Morgan was leading, and under him were such men as Pickens,

Colonel Washington, and Colonel Howard, and the hitherto invincible Tarleton, with eleven hundred men at his back, went down before the well-planned manœuvres of the Americans. It was a great victory though won by a small force; it was the beginning of a new campaign in the South and it helped Greene more than anything else, in the making of his army, for hope and enthusiasm are great incentives, and his men went wild over Morgan's victory. But in spite of its value, Greene was worried because the two divisions of his army were separated, with Cornwallis's army between them, in hot pursuit of Morgan and his men.

Greene determined to join Morgan at all risks. He accordingly put his army under the command of General Huger, with orders to meet him at Salisbury, and he also ordered boats to be prepared for the crossing of the Yadkin River, and he himself, accompanied only by a sergeant, rode night and day for one hundred and fifty miles in bad weather and through the enemy's country, in order to reach Morgan. Cornwallis had foolishly burned his baggage in his eager pursuit, and had the Catawba River, recently swollen by rains, not suddenly fallen, the British would not have been able to cross. As it was, however, they breasted the stream, but with serious loss, while Morgan, wisely retreating

after his victory, got further away, reaching the Yadkin River before the British could overtake them.

Here they were able to cross in the boats provided for them, and when Cornwallis came up he found his prey had escaped, for he had no boats. Greene who had meantime changed the place of meeting from Salisbury to Guilford, reached that point on February 8, 1781, and the very next day Huger brought the main army up, thus uniting all the American forces in the South and establishing Greene's reputation as a great general.

When we remember the nature of this country, unknown as it was to the Continental soldiers, the unexpected swamps and bogs, the difficulties of communication, and the snail's pace at which news traveled, with neither railroad, nor telegraph, nor telephone, nor wireless, Greene's carefully worked out plans seem marvelous; and all through the Southern campaign, sometimes chasing Cornwallis, and sometimes being chased by him, Greene persisted in his one purpose of pushing the British general over the border of North Carolina.

There were many battles fought to accomplish this end; the battle of Guilford Court House, the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, the battle of Eutaw Springs, with victory sometimes on one side,

sometimes on the other; but Greene had learned Washington's greatest lesson, that retreat does not mean defeat. Drawing off in time insured the existence of his army, and though he lost many a battle, he won the campaigns he had planned. The British had failed to break the American army and they had failed to hold the country. The result was that they simply held the seashore and the garrisoned town of Charleston, "and Greene, in the midst of all this wild fighting was resting and drilling his army, was slowly drawing in reinforcements to his well-ordered camp among the cool hills of Santee" during that eventful summer of 1781.

Meanwhile, as we know, Washington had quietly withdrawn his forces from the Hudson River, and joining the French allies under Rochambeau, had reached Philadelphia before the enemy knew of his movements. Washington had spent his time while guarding the banks of the Hudson, in watching and waiting. For that far-seeing General well knew that until he could get a strong enough army and the command of the sea, the Americans would never be able to strike a fatal blow.

Although hampered by distance he followed Greene's campaign in the South with keen interest. At the same time he employed much of his leisure in writing urgent appeals to Congress for

money to maintain an army, which had hitherto only held together by the sheer force of his will. Congress had been sensible enough to make Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finances, and the Philadelphia Patriot took hold with bravery and firmness, having as his able assistant, Gouverneur Morris of New York,—who strangely enough was not related to the financier—and between them they were able to be of substantial assistance to Washington, who never called for funds unless in dire need.

Meanwhile, two new heroes had sprung to life during the Hudson campaign: Anthony Wayne, who drove the English from Stony Point after most brilliant fighting, taking five hundred prisoners and capturing valuable guns and munitions of war, and Henry Lee, the famous cavalry officer, who stormed and captured Paulus Hook where Jersey City now stands. Both of these intrepid commanders encouraged Washington to believe that his army, well-drilled as it was, and seasoned with many victorious battles and campaigns, must conquer in the end, and he came at last to the decision with the opening of the campaign in 1781, that another twelve-month should see the final battle of the war.

The sailing of De Grasse's fleet for Chesapeake Bay, as we have seen, determined Washington to concentrate his forces in the South. He had al-

ready sent "Light Horse Harry" and his regiment, at Greene's request, and hearing that General Clinton had sent a force under Arnold to ravage Virginia, Washington despatched Lafayette with twelve hundred Continentals to Virginia, in pursuit of the traitor. The French fleet was to support him, but somehow things did not work out and Arnold slipped through their fingers, though he and Phillips, the British General, were driven back.

Lafayette, however, hung around Richmond until shortly after its capture, the British gave it up, and then he chased them so vigorously up and down the James River that Virginia was still unconquered, and Cornwallis, now thoroughly roused, determined to march through the Carolinas and to cage and capture "that boy Lafayette," for such the young General of twenty-four seemed to the seasoned soldier of forty-three.

Reaching Petersburg on May 24, 1781, he joined Arnold and marched out with his whole force to attack Lafayette at Richmond. Reaching Byrd's plantation and stabling his cavalry horses, so history informs us, in the beautiful rooms of that fine old mansion, Cornwallis wrote to his Chief: "The boy cannot escape me."

"The boy," however, managed things differently. "Lord Cornwallis," he said, "marches

with amazing celerity, but I have done everything I could, without arms or men, at least to impede him by local embarrassments."

"These embarrassments," we are told, "were so skillfully arranged, that in spite of the noble earl's assurance, the 'boy' certainly did escape him and led him so vigorous a dance that he was fairly out-manœuvered by Lafayette, and with one desperate cry to Clinton for relief, fell into the trap laid for him by Lafayette; for cornered at Yorktown he speedily found the door of his cage shut and barred by the unexpected arrival of the combined forces of Washington and Rochambeau." Reaching Williamsburg, the two armies took possession and sat down to the Siege of Yorktown, and they were both generous enough to own that to Lafayette they owed, not only the protection of Virginia from Tarleton's raids, but the position of Lord Cornwallis, securely trapped at Yorktown.

CHAPTER XII

OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

ON June 21, 1775, Washington left Philadelphia to take command of the army at Cambridge. Midway he was met by news of the Battle of Bunker Hill. "Did the militia fight?" was his only question. And when he heard how they fought, he merely said: "Then the liberties of the country are safe."

It was this confidence in his men and in himself which marked the inspired leader, and the men who stood in line at Cambridge on July 2, 1775, when, with drawn sword, he took formal command of the army, recognized the indomitable spirit of a commander who would insist upon obedience and discipline, whatever the cost.

He found himself at the head of a body of armed men, rather than of a well-drilled force of militia-men who knew how to fight in their way, but who chafed under the restraints of a soldier's life. When, on assuming command, he visited the army posts, the prospect was most discouraging. He found the British very strongly intrenched near the site of the old battle-ground,

especially at Bunker Hill, where lay the main part of General Howe's army. Roxbury Neck was also well fortified by the English, while Boston itself was safeguarded by the light horse and a few of the troops.

The American army at that time—though it numbered over thirteen thousand fighting men—could not be compared with the enemy's imposing troops. Besides which, Washington was forced to stretch his men out to protect various points threatened by the English. He arranged the army in three grand divisions, each consisting of two brigades or twelve regiments, being careful to keep the troops from the same colony together, if possible. The right wing, commanded by Major-General Ward, consisted of two brigades commanded by Brigadier-Generals Thomas and Spencer, and was stationed at Roxbury; the left wing, under Major-General Lee, had under him Brigadier-General Greene, stationed at Prospect Hill, and Brigadier-General Sullivan, at Winter Hill. The centre of the army, under General Putnam, was, with the exception of his own Connecticut regiment, composed entirely of Massachusetts men.

Washington, the born Virginian, brought up in all the traditions of the Royal Province, found his greatest problem lay in the fact that he had yet to earn the confidence of the New Eng-

landers, of which his entire army was composed. The officers, men of education and culture, were quick to recognize his ability; but the sturdy farmers, whom he undertook to whip into shape, resented the stern discipline which he soon established. All offences were severely punished. Drunkenness, theft, disobedience to orders, disrespect of officers, were common misdemeanors, and the offenders were often drummed out of camp or whipped at the front of the regiment,—even in more public places if necessary. The Rev. William Emerson, who was chaplain in one of the divisions, wrote in his diary:

“There is great overturning in the camp as to order and regularity. New lords, new laws. The Generals, Washington and Lee, are upon the lines every day. . . . The strictest government is taking place, and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers. Every one is made to know his place and to keep in it or be tied up and receive thirty or forty lashes according to his crime. Thousands are at work every day from four to eleven o’clock in the morning. It is surprising how much work has been done.”

Washington’s task was to drive the British from Boston. He had a stupendous labor before him, for the army, as it was—ill-disciplined, ill-provisioned and ill-equipped—would never have been able to conduct a siege. The Continental

Congress worked slowly, for funds were low, and in declaring independence the Colonies were arraying themselves against a rich and powerful country, which would surely crush them unless they could procure enough money to properly equip and pay the men who were willing to fight. This problem at the beginning of the Revolution proved its greatest stumbling-block, until Congress sent forth its secret agents to seek, in far countries, the big loans—in men and money—with which to enable America to keep up her fight for liberty.

In those early days of reforming the army, many critics blamed Washington for indecision in planning campaigns, when, in reality, he was in many ways ignorant of strictly military war tactics. Indian warfare was familiar to him through constant and bitter experience, and in accepting the command he had frankly confessed how unfit he considered himself for such responsibility. He could only promise loyalty and good faith with his best endeavors, as he said in writing of one of his officers:

“His wants are common to us all, the want of experience to move upon a large scale, for the limited and contracted knowledge which any of us have in military matters stands in very little stead.”

It was this willingness on the part of the Commander-in-Chief to acknowledge his own shortcomings, which won for him at last the confidence and respect of his entire army. In fighting the English, Washington was often out-generaled on the field through this confessed lack of military training. Yet the English were unfortunate in one respect—the towns and the territory they won often proved their prisons. Paul Leicester Ford, in speaking of this, in "The True George Washington," says:

"They conquered New Jersey to meet defeat; they captured Philadelphia only to find it in danger; they established posts in North Carolina, only to abandon them; they overran Virginia to lay down their arms at Yorktown. . . . As Franklin said, when the news was announced that Howe had captured Philadelphia, 'No, Philadelphia has captured Howe.' "

Howe, indeed, was unjustly censured by his government for evacuating his posts and saving his troops, instead of weakening them through starvation and all the horrors of a siege.

This problem of keeping the army in existence was what perplexed Washington most. Many of the men had enlisted only for short terms, and no sooner had he succeeded in establishing some order and discipline, when whole regiments left without notice. The spirit of patriotism, which

had animated the first farmer-soldiers, seemed to have disappeared; the men were grasping, greedy for money, and, in many instances plundering their own towns, even their own comrades; but Washington was stern in his punishments. These deserting soldiers, being replaced by raw recruits, kept the army in a constant state of upheaval.

The siege of Boston occupied ten months, during which Washington and his men learned much of the art of war. Redoubts were thrown up, batteries were planted on accessible heights; there were frequent skirmishes but no real fighting during all those months. The British, shut up in Boston, had nothing to do but to amuse themselves socially; there were balls and theatres and even masquerades, while the Americans worked quietly but steadily. For, with the Spring would come the issue, and they wished to be ready to meet it.

Warfare in those Revolutionary times was a more primitive matter than it is to-day; there were no triumphs of invention to lighten the soldier's task, no airships nor submarines, nor automobiles, nor wireless; no mammoth cannon, no searchlights. The way had to be felt; the generals were forced to delay a battle for days while waiting for messages and details of the enemy's position. In battle, the men fought

like tigers, burning and pillaging as they went; but, when victory was declared on one side or the other, it seems on looking backward that those old-time conquerors were more merciful to the vanquished than are the conquerors of to-day.

The only evidences of barbarity were among the savages and freebooting bands of Tories, like those under Walter Butler. General Howe, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, when his troops encamped among the ruins of Charlestown, forbade them to cut down trees or pilfer the deserted houses, on pain of death, and the same high-minded general, in evacuating Boston, left behind him a city which had been little touched by the ravages of the siege. Doctor Warren, a brother of the dead patriot, wrote in his diary that he found the streets clean and looking much better than he expected, and Washington reported to President Hancock "that his house had received no damage worth mentioning; that his family pictures were untouched, and his furniture was in tolerable order; and that the damage done to the houses and furniture generally was not equal to the report; but that the inhabitants suffered much from being plundered by the soldiery at their departure."

True, the Old South Church, which had been the scene of so many town meetings, had been

desecrated and turned into a riding school, and many buildings had been torn down for fuel. The Common, which the British had used so long as a camping ground, had been almost ruined, and many trees had been cut down all over the city,—the famous Liberty Tree of the Patriots being chopped up into fourteen cords of wood. Faneuil Hall had been turned into a theatre, and several churches had been occupied as barracks by the troops.

The want of powder haunted Washington's camp like a spectre, for from the British works each day came a determined cannonade, which, for lack of powder, the Americans did not dare to return; they were prudently keeping their shot for fighting at closer range.

On October 15, came a committee from Congress to inspect the army and to put in practice many plans and suggestions for reorganization. Benjamin Franklin headed this committee, and General Greene, who saw him for the first time, says of him: "I had the honor to be introduced to that very great man, Doctor Franklin, whom I viewed with silent admiration during the whole evening. Attention watched his lips, and conviction closed his periods," meaning that he was a man of great weight in the council.

Washington made known his desire to attack Boston; but, at a council of war held to consider

the question, it was not thought advisable just then [October]. In this same month it was discovered that Doctor Benjamin Church, hitherto a trusted Patriot and prominent Son of Liberty, was corresponding with the enemy, which disturbed both camp and Colonies.

It was about this time that Washington suggested the fitting out of numerous small vessels for the capture of other small craft belonging to the English. This was the infancy of our navy, and these small boats of privateers, as they were called, captured many valuable cargoes of clothing, provisions and ammunition.

On January 1, 1776, the King's speech in Parliament was received in the camp,—a speech denouncing the “rebellious war” and promising to put a speedy end to the rising in America, by increasing the navy and asking for foreign aid to suppress it. Such a speech only strengthened the American desire for independence, and in the American camp there was a renewed outburst of patriotism when it was known that Hessians and Cossacks were to be hired to aid the English hosts in crushing the Colonies. It seems strange, too, that on this same day, the first Union flag of thirteen stripes, in compliment to the thirteen Colonies, was hoisted amid wild enthusiasm. General Greene suggested to a member of Congress that this was the time for a

declaration of independence to be spread throughout the land, but it took six months more of uncertainty and debate to bring the thirteen Colonies to one mind.

Through the troublesome fall and winter, Washington and his generals labored with an unruly army; recruits came in slowly; desertions were frequent; the men were underpaid and underfed. They liked action and not a long siege. But in spite of much anxiety and much discouragement, Washington persevered in his efforts at discipline so that, when the troops went into winter quarters, they numbered 17,633 men. During the Winter, Colonel Knox and his men brought from Ticonderoga and Crown Point a great quantity of the ammunition stored there since the capture of the fort; also a goodly supply which had been taken from Fort George, in New York. On December 17, he wrote Washington: "I hope in sixteen or seventeen days to present to your Excellency a noble train of artillery, the inventory of which I have enclosed."

By spring, the Americans on fortified heights were ready to bombard Boston, which they did from time to time with such effect that Howe began to think seriously of evacuating the town, so exposed to the American batteries as to be no longer safe; the ships in the harbor, harassed by

the privateers, were not sufficient protection. On March 7, he resolved to evacuate and save his troops. But Washington, until he received official notice, went on with his preparations for storming the city, by planting a battery near the water at Dorchester Neck, with the intention of annoying the British shipping, Nook's Hill, being nearer to Boston, was the objective point of the Americans, but the British began such a fierce cannonading that the Americans could not fortify it, but answered the British challenge with their own cannon.

On March 10, the evacuation began, but it was not until the 17th that the army was ready to embark. They left desolation in their wake by destroying whatever they could lay their hands on. But the time was short, and the good town's wounds soon healed. On March 20, the American army marched into Boston, and this must indeed have been a great day for the suffering Patriots and their wives and children.

We have thus lingered at the siege of Boston to show what Washington had done, hampered as he was, not only with his own lack of experience, but with a raw and often a mutinous army.

As time went on the personality of this Virginia gentleman began to make itself felt, and though enemies sprang up about him nothing could move George Washington from a strict

performance of his duty. The same indomitable spirit which sustained his officers and soldiers through the winter at Valley Forge was with him in every undertaking. Like all great men he found his hands tied at the moment when action was necessary and of all his enemies the Continental Congress was the most dangerous, because that body was higher in authority than this man who was risking everything in the service of his country. Even when a young man, and on the fatal Braddock expedition which placed him in the front rank of American soldiers, his bravery had been commented upon from one end of Virginia to the other, and when he took his seat in the House of Burgesses on that memorable occasion when the Governor dissolved the assembly, a vote of thanks was first tendered to the valiant young Colonel with so many compliments that he was quite upset as he rose to reply; whereupon Speaker Robinson, taking pity on his confusion, said kindly:

"Sit down, Colonel Washington, sit down. Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

It has often been said that in the Colony of Virginia, Washington was the sword, Jefferson was the pen, and Patrick Henry the tongue of the Revolution, and the true patriotism of these three men could not be doubted. Jefferson and

Henry had done their work according to their consciences. It now remained for Washington to "make good" and this he determined to do according to *his* conscience, no matter at what cost to himself. His very appearance was well calculated to inspire confidence among his soldiers. The following is an excellent description of how he appeared to his contemporaries:

"He is six feet tall with regular if somewhat unmovable features. His head is well-shaped, though not large, but is gracefully poised on a superb neck; a large and straight—rather than a prominent—nose; blue-gray, penetrating eyes which are widely separated and overhung by a heavy brow. His face is long rather than broad, with high, round cheek-bones, and terminates in a good, firm chin. He has a clear, though rather colorless, pale skin, which burns with the sun.

. . . His mouth is large and generally firmly closed. . . . His features are regular and placid, with all the muscles of his face under perfect control, though . . . expressive of deep feeling when moved by emotions. In conversation he looks you full in the face, is deliberate, deferential, and engaging. His voice is agreeable rather than strong. His demeanor at all times, composed and dignified. His movements and gestures are graceful, his walk majestic,—and he is a splendid horseman."

Washington was twenty-eight when this description fitted him exactly, and one can imagine that, in the fourteen years which intervened, he had broadened in mind and experience as well as in body. The lithe, magnificently formed youth had developed into the soldierly man; a firmer set to his mouth, a deeper shadow of thought in the face, and the keen eyes beneath the overhanging brows hid their own inscrutable secrets. George Washington had learned the first lesson of a soldier's life—to discipline himself—and this was the secret, in after years, of his wonderful influence over the raw and often mutinous troops, who threatened ruin to the Revolutionary army.

His early life as a surveyor made a woodsman of the young Virginian. Every trail was familiar to him, and measurements and distances were as open books to him. He was familiar with trees and shrubs, with the habits of wild animals, and all the thousand voices of the forest. Above all, he knew the savages who still lurked in the wooded depths, which tribes were friendly to the whites, and which were foes, and his absolute mastery of a horse made him famous, even in Virginia, where horseback was the most approved method of travelling.

No wonder then, with his peculiar abilities, that George Washington was destined for a high place in the history of his country; a review of

his life and of the many and varied influences which produced this typical American would be interesting. We have only to do with the powerful force which lay behind the calmness of his commanding presence—the remarkable moral, mental, and physical strength which led our Revolutionary heroes to victory.

Washington's greatest campaign had its birth in the terrible defeat in the Battle of Long Island; his wonderful retreat through New Jersey, ending in the victorious Battles of Trenton and Princeton, turned the tide of popular opinion, and that snowy Christmas night of 1776, when our great Commander crossed the Delaware, is certainly one to be remembered in the pages of history.

The Battle of Trenton was fought under the greatest difficulties, for the period of enlistment for most of the men expired on that very night and, if all his experienced soldiers left him at once, there was no hope of winning any battles with raw troops only at his command. So with characteristic energy, he tried moral suasion; he had the soldiers drawn up on parade, and, riding down the lines, he spoke to his regiments in brief soldiery style and implored them to remain until the end of the campaign, pledging his entire fortune if necessary for their maintenance and pay. His officers joined in this appeal

and stirred the enthusiasm of the men, who promised to stay on until the campaign was determined one way or the other. The men who made this promise were naked, barefooted, hungry and frozen, but patriotism still burned with a ruddy glow, and their leader's forceful presence warmed their hearts, for Washington was a man of few words and many deeds—traits which had great weight among his followers.

As the years passed, and under proper discipline the raw militia men became well-groomed, well-drilled Continental troops, Washington's enemies began to fear that his immense popularity in the army would raise him to yet greater heights, and innumerable efforts were made to pull him down from his high place, but nothing moved this calm and imperturbable character from his post of duty.

From the Siege of Boston to the Siege of Yorktown, the history of Washington's exploits is the history of the Revolution. His far-seeing mind had planned the hemming in of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and his able Generals were but following his orders in massing their forces for the final attack. Before Boston, Washington had command of the most unpromising horde of untrained clodhoppers. Before Yorktown, his blue and buff Continentals could have rivalled any army in the world, while the flower

of French chivalry stood waiting his word of command.

When he led his army through Philadelphia on his way to join General Greene and the allies in the south, his long-pondered, well-laid plans gradually dawned upon the people. "Long live Washington!" was the toast of the day. "He is gone to catch Cornwallis in his mouse-trap!"

On the 26th of September, 1781, began the Siege of Yorktown, Washington in person firing the first gun. On the 14th of October, after a valiant defence, the last redoubt surrendered to the Americans. Cornwallis, seeing the end coming, moved part of his troops to Gloucester hoping to escape by water; it was a mad idea and would have failed had it been attempted, but a storm upset his plans and his men were forced back into Yorktown, and so the brave English General, who had done his best to whip us, determined to surrender. The articles were drawn up on October 18, and on October 19, at two o'clock, the garrison of Yorktown marched out to the tune of "The World Turned Upside Down."

The proud and haughty Earl, chagrined and heartsick, kept his tent, but he sent his sword to his conqueror. It must have been a rare sight, that day of surrender, which saw the first break in the British Empire. But to the great Com-

mander who had weathered the storm, it was a matter of rejoicing too deep for words. Surrounded by the band of faithful generals and staunch allies, he led the troops into Yorktown amid shouts of triumph. For the surrender of Yorktown was practically the close of the Revolution, although Charleston, besieged by Greene and his now formidable army, was not evacuated until the following year. Clinton, who had sailed from New York to Cornwallis's assistance, never reached his destination until October 24, five days too late, and hearing the news returned to New York though Washington was ready to give him battle.

It is a strange coincidence that the two Colonies, which had been most active in stirring the rebellion, should have been the scenes of the first and last blows for freedom. As Henry Cabot Lodge beautifully puts it, "The drum-beat, faintly heard at Concord, was sounding very loudly now . . . upon the plains of Yorktown."

Massachusetts and Virginia! No wonder they hold their heads proudly, for they have much to be proud of. Men of the stamp of Samuel and John Adams, of Hancock and Otis, of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, were as truly heroic as those who scaled the ramparts at Yorktown.

It is hard to write a book of heroes, for the true hero is not distinguished by one act alone.

There were many, indeed, who trudged barefooted along the road to victory, whose praises could be sung along with the gold-laced generals in blue and buff. There were many red-coats too, who shed their life-blood quite as valiantly. There were deeds of daring on both sides, and alas! deeds of violence and cruelty, but war wears always a grim face, and only the victor smiles.

America owes its freedom to-day to the courage and persistence with which every difficulty was met and overcome, whether by its statesmen, its warriors, or its allies. The victory at Yorktown was Lafayette's great gift to his hero, George Washington, for the gallant young Frenchman could have stormed the English long before Washington arrived, but he was determined that his beloved Chief, and no other, should lead the allied forces to this crowning victory, "and so he loyally held back the fall of the curtain until the central figure and chief actor in the great drama came upon the stage."

Above all, America owes undying tribute to this one man, whose virtues and whose ability stand out above his fellows.

It is customary to praise George Washington, and patriotic to hail him as the Father of his Country and to declare him "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The very school children of to-day, before they

know the meaning of the words they utter, recite these phrases with parrot-like precision, but we, who read the story of his life with love and understanding, know that George Washington was a true hero, not merely because of his deeds as a warrior and a statesman, but because there was something in the man himself which outshone all earthly lustre, and which will shine even when the walls of great cities crumble into dust. The Spirit of Liberty which prompted our Revolution, still lives in these United States, just as surely as the spirit of George Washington, our hero of heroes, lives in the hearts of every true Patriot.

THE END

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